Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 67.—Vol. V. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 15, 1905 With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Lafayette*

A new portrait of Mr. Winston Churchill

Who indignantly denies the "wankles" of Mr. Wanklyn, to the effect that he (Mr. Churchill) was forming a cabal to make himself the future Liberal Premier

No. 67.—Vol. V.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"The Vicissitudes of Evangeline." By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth: 6s.)

"The Marriage of William Ashe." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder: 6s.)

"Mademoiselle Nellie." By Lucas Cleeve. (John Long: 6s.)

"The Adventures of Louis Dural." By Marguerite Bryant. (Brown, Langham: 6s.)

"The Silver Pin." By Alfred Wilson-Barrett. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

"The Seething Pot." By George A. Birmingham. (Edward Arnold: 6s.)

"Miss Badsworth, M.F.H." By Eyre Hussey. (Longmans: 6s.)

"Strange Partners." By Gilbert Wintle. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

"Some Emotions and a Moral" and "The Sinner's Comedy." By John Oliver Hobbes. New Edition. (Unwin: 1s.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Man in the Pulpit." By James Douglas. (Methuen: 2s. 6d.)

"The Personal Story of the Upper House." By Kosmo Wilkinson. (Fisher Unwin: 16s.)

"Milton's Paradise Lost." With 12 Photogravures after designs by William Strang. (Routledge: 3s. 6d. net.)

"Life's Questionings." By William Romaine Paterson. (Methuen.)

"Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century—Tennyson to Clough." (Routledge: 1s.)

"Peat and its Products." A Pamphlet on Peat as a National Source of Wealth. By W. A. Kerr, V.C. (Begg, Kennedy, and Elder, Glasgow: 6s.)

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.

London: Wednesday, March 15, 1905

The sword of Damocles has fallen. The Russian arms are finally and decisively overthrown. The internal state of Russia is going from bad to worse. And now—indeed, a sign of the times—a strong group of politicians in France are crying, "*A bas l'entente Franco-Russe.*" The French Premier has, moreover, put his foot down to prevent any further Russian loans being floated in Paris. We are glad to note, under these circumstances, that Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador, has handed Lord Lansdowne the sixty-five thousand pounds in payment of our little bill against Rozhdestvensky's fleet for practising his guns on our Hull trawlers.

* * *

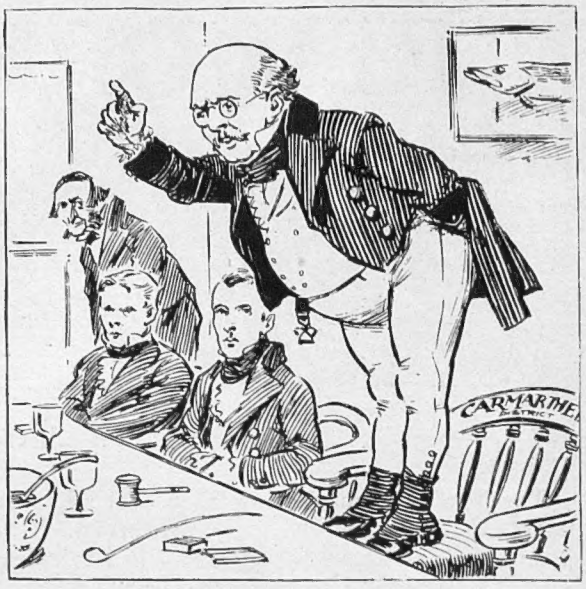
"Sidelights on Parliament"—such is the heading which one newspaper adopted when dealing with Mr. Wanklyn's "charges" against Mr. Winston Churchill. No one, of course, takes the matter seriously, because, first of all, they are made by Mr. Wanklyn, and, secondly, because all that these "revelations" amount to is that Mr. Churchill is ambitious. It is to be noted that both Mr. Churchill and Lord Hugh Cecil —who was dragged in, willy-nilly, by this weird legislator, Mr. Wanklyn—deny flatly that he has spoken the truth. Mr. Wanklyn thereupon offers to submit his charges to his leader, Mr. Balfour, and suggests that Mr. Churchill give in his defence to *his* leader, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Really, all this is too childish. It may be amusing to outsiders, but it must be annoying to persons who are unfortunate enough to come into contact with Mr. Wanklyn. Gentlemen of his type

AFTER MUKDEN

"Phew! I may be helping to make history, but——!"

The Villain of the Piece

Mr. W—st—n Ch—rc—ll: "Foiled! But no matter-r-r! A time will come, ha! ha! I am not a Churchill for nothing!"



Pickwick, M.P., in a recent speech

"A hundred Gladstones and a hundred Lloyd-Georges will not make me vacate this seat"

do more to bring the House of Commons into disrepute and ridicule than is often supposed.

* * *

Green, we learn, is to be the prevailing colour for men's clothes this year. Everything is to bear testimony to the affection for the emerald hue. Green flannels and green tweeds, we are told, will be seen to the exclusion of everything else. Green patent leather boo , green hats, green neckties, and green gloves and socks, will be worn by the gentleman of fashion who desires to be in the mode. As the Emerald Isle has been the subject of the Empire's discussion during the past ten days, a fitting cap has been put on the scheme of colour.

* * *

This, at least, is how the tailors would like it to be. Their complaint, however, is not that it is difficult to find new designs, nor that those customers, who are always looking out for something new, require to be tempted to order a new suit, but that the great proportion of their customers, year in and year out, wear exactly the same clothes cut in the same way, and eschew anything that savours of a change. These customers form by far the greater proportion on an ordinary tailor's books, and no matter how great the display and how fascinating the shop windows look, the average man is proof against temptation. Still, green is a refined and, in some of its shades, a subdued colour, and will, no doubt, prove very popular.

* * *

Sir William Ingram, the Chairman of the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*, not having a very cheerful balance sheet to lay before his shareholders

"Stands Scotland where it did?"

"Only to think that I should be Rugby champion last year and now —stand a chance of getting—that! Ugh!!!"

Still Unanswered!

Sir William Ingram recently declared that the circulation of the *Illustrated London News* Christmas Number was 30 to 40 per cent. larger than that of any other Christmas Number. *The Graphic* issued a courteous challenge to its contemporary to compare figures. Up to the present there has been no response, and so our readers may draw their own conclusions

RKR 28/3/16.

recently, drew a red herring across the path. He told the shareholders at their annual general meeting that his firm was not alone in adversity: that, in fact, *The Graphic* only paid a dividend of 5*s.* per share for the half-year.

* * *

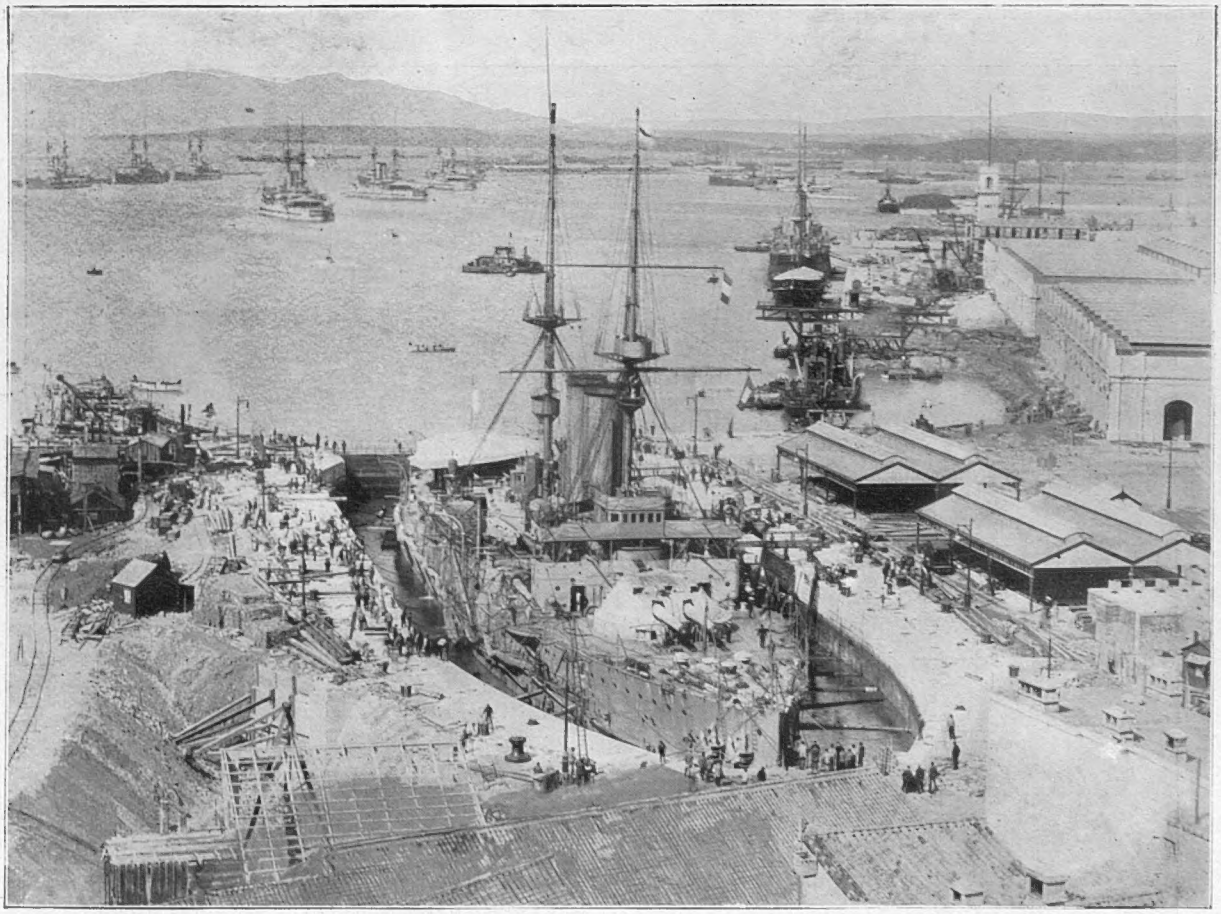
Mr. Carmichael Thomas, Chairman of *The Graphic* Company, promptly pointed out that it was hardly fair to give the *interim* dividend of *The Graphic* and the annual dividend of the *Illustrated London News*, as for the past financial year *The Graphic* had paid 26 per cent., against 4½ per cent. paid by the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*. Sir William also said that he would be willing to offer a challenge that the *Illustrated London News* Christmas Number sold thirty to forty per cent. more than that of any other illustrated paper. Mr. Thomas promptly accepted the challenge. But alas! the bold challenger has fled from the scene. A fortnight has now passed, but Sir William has not shown any indication of a desire to prove his statement. Our readers will form their own conclusions. Sir William Ingram reminds us of the old lady, who, having fish to sell that was not over fresh, was foolish enough to announce its quality—with this addition, that Sir William, finding his own not so fresh as he would desire, declares his neighbours' to be in the same condition.

"The Plet"

This instrument is used by the Russian police for dispersing strikers. The thong is made of raw hide and wire. The leather bag at the end is filled with shot

* * *

As one of those journals concerned, we are much amused at the assumption of the daily newspapers that the day of the weekly illustrated paper is passing. Sir William Ingram fathered the suggestion on them, and they have all accepted it as an acknowledged fact. Well, there is sometimes a danger in too much self-complacency, and perhaps the daily Press will realise before long that the weekly papers supply a want which the daily paper can never adequately fill. Speaking for ourselves, in spite of Sir William Ingram's declaration that his firm's publications have suffered from the incursions of the dailies, we have no cause for complaint. We are sorry for his misfortunes, but perhaps there is another reason than the one he fondly supposes. The public has, perhaps, shown more discrimination in its judgment of illustrated papers than Sir William has himself. The Chairman of the *Illustrated London News* and *The Sketch* was good enough to say that this journal (THE BYSTANDER) was "similar to" *The Sketch*. Anyone who considers these two papers similar must betray an extraordinary want of ordinary observation, which very possibly reacts unsatisfactorily in other directions.



An Historic Event: The first-class battleship, "King Edward VII.," in the graving dock of her own name at Gibraltar

This is the first time in the history of Gibraltar that a battleship has been put into a graving dock. "King Edward's Dock" was so named by His Majesty on the occasion of his visit nearly two years ago. It is the first and smallest of the three large new graving docks to be constructed. It is only just able to accommodate the huge battleship

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

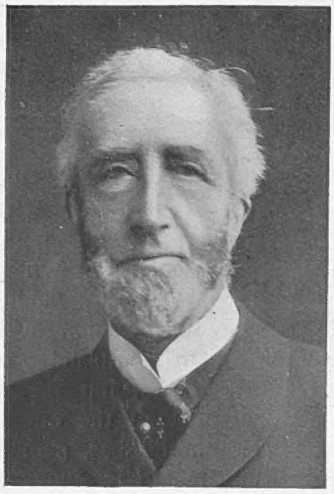


Photo by *Russell*

Viscount Peel

Now lying seriously indisposed in his London residence

'The Man Who Would Be King"

The visit of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria recalls the close friendship which has existed between himself and King Edward since the latter effected, by his tact and influence, a reconciliation between the Prince and the Emperor of Austria. It is understood that Prince Ferdinand is again seeking the good offices of our Monarch; this time in his ambition to throw off the suzerainty of the Sultan and become a King. A curious reason is assigned for Prince Ferdinand's desire for the supreme title. At present, when he goes to see his Suzerain, he has to wear a fez, and he feels that the obligation impairs his dignity.

Mr. J. L. Wanklyn, M.P.

James Leslie Wanklyn, M.P., who has given birth to the verb "to wankle" (for derivation, see page 559 of this issue), is a gentleman with peculiar notions. He was brought up as a merchant, trading with South America; but, having the laudable ambition to enter Parliament, and eventually getting Bradford to repose its confidence in him, thought the best way of becoming prominent in the House of Commons would be to resort to ultra-extravagant statements. Every Member of Parliament exaggerates habitually and unconsciously, but it is only given to Mr. Wanklyn to "wankle." This policy of his, we

Photo by *Pietzner*

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria

Now on a visit to our King and Queen

Photo by *Haines*

Mr. J. L. Wanklyn, M.P., whose dispute with Mr. Winston Churchill has lately added to the gaiety of Parliament

Some interesting remarks on the probable derivation of the word "to wankle" will be found in "Random Jottings," on page 559

Three New Episcopal Appointments

take it, is the means whereby he hopes to achieve the end he has in view, viz., the advocacy of "practical" politics, or, in other words, "commercial politics." Mr. Wanklyn considers that those misguided persons who attack a Conservative Ministry are guilty of treachery to their country. They are traitors in fact. Mr. Winston Churchill is one of these shameless creatures, and the more of a thorn in the flesh he appears to the Ministry the greater his crime. Since this is the case, Mr. Wanklyn fastens himself to Mr. Churchill, and, after saying that he does not indulge in personalities, proceeds to rend the Hope of the Radicals tooth and nail. Still a lot must always be forgiven a man who not only succeeds in amusing us all, but who has added a new word to the English language.

Photo by *H. Walter Barnett*

Mrs. Allan Daly

Whose marriage to Mr. Alexander Brodrick Leslie-Melville takes place next week

Mrs. Allan Daly

A forthcoming marriage is that of Mrs. Allan Daly and Mr. Alexander Brodrick Leslie-Melville, which takes place next week (March 25), at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bridegroom-elect is the eldest son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Leslie-Melville. He is just turned thirty, is a partner in the Lincoln Bank, and a captain in the Sherwood Foresters. He belongs to the distinguished family of which the Earl of Leven and Melville is the head, and among his ancestors was the gallant leader of the Covenanters, Sir Alexander Leslie, who was present at the battle of Marston Moor. Mrs. Allan Daly is the widow of Mr. Allan Daly, a well-known barrister, and comes of a military family, as she is the only daughter of the late Colonel Harvey-Kelly.

Photo by *Russell*

Dr. E. C. S. Gibson

The new Bishop of Gloucester

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Dr. Edward Stuart Talbot

Who was formerly Bishop of Rochester and has now been appointed Bishop of the new See of Southwark

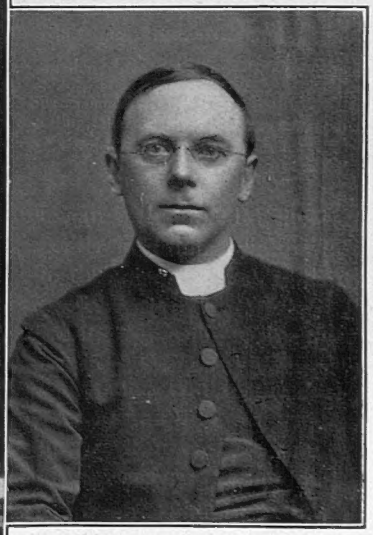


Photo by *Russell*

Dr. J. R. Harmer

The new Bishop of Rochester

The Latest Resignation from the Cabinet

The Three New B'shops

The most interesting to Londoners of the three new Episcopal appointments is that of the Right Rev. Edward Stuart Talbot to the new See of Southwark. Dr. Talbot, who was a great friend of two former Prime Ministers — Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury—and is brother-in-law to the present Prime Minister, has laboured, actively and earnestly, for nearly ten years as Bishop of Rochester, and living, as he does, at Kennington, the Bishop is a well-known figure in South London. As many people do not seem to know where the Cathedral Church of Southwark is situated, we may say that it stands at the foot of London Bridge on the Surrey side of the river. One of the oldest churches in London, it was known in ancient times as St. Mary's, and latterly as St. Saviour's, Southwark.

To take Dr. Talbot's place in the vacant See of Rochester, Dr. Harmer has been appointed. The new Bishop of Rochester had a brilliant career at Cambridge, where, as a scholar of King's College, he carried off many distinctions, among them the Bell Scholarship, the Carus Prize, and the Scholefield Prize. One of his first appointments was as domestic chaplain to the famous Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham.

The Rev. E. C. Gibson, who has been appointed to the Bishopric of Gloucester, in succession to the aged Dr. Ellicott, who is retiring, besides having filled many important clerical appointments, is the author of some well-known theological works.

Mr. George Wyndham

Mr. Wyndham, one of the most fascinating and most popular personages in the political world to-day, is a very great loss to the Cabinet, which cannot afford to lose the few men of personality it still possesses. He has a charm of manner, a delightful voice, and a presence which has gained him the reputation of being the most handsome man in the House.

Photo by *H. Walter Barnett*

The Rt. Hon. George Wyndham, M.P.

Ex-Chief Secretary of Ireland. The latest Minister to resign from the present Cabinet

Lady Grosvenor

He has been called, and not without reason, "fortune's most fastidious darling," which claim was strengthened when he married the beautiful Countess Grosvenor, mother of the present Duke of Westminster. Lady Grosvenor (who retained her title purely for her son's sake) has very artistic tastes. Mr. Wyndham first made his mark as a politician—he was previously in the Guards—by the witty and amusing letters he wrote as Mr. Balfour's private secretary, when the Premier was Chief Secretary for Ireland. He became Under-Secretary for War, and then passed on, to burn his fingers, as so many others have before him, at Dublin Castle.

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Lady Grosvenor

Mother of the Duke of Westminster, and wife of Mr. George Wyndham

The Russian "Florence Nightingale"

One of the brightest records of heroic work which has come to our notice during the great conflict in the East is that of Madame Olga Tomilin, the wife of a Colonel in the Russian Army, who has been at the front ever since the commencement of the war as a nurse in the field hospitals. The Russian Government has presented her with a medal for her continued devotion to her work, while the Japanese, through the medium of their newspapers, have recently sent her a vote of thanks for the care she has taken of their wounded. This last must rank as one of the most graceful courtesies ever paid in the time of

Parcel

Photo by *Lafayette*

The Earl of Dudley in the robes of a Knight of St. Patrick

The question of the hour is whether the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland will resign, owing to his support of Sir Antony MacDonnell

The Latest Form of Stage Photography

warfare, and the Russian Florence Nightingale may indeed feel proud to be the recipient of such a marked honour.

Lord Dudley

Whatever may be the ultimate consequences of the MacDonnell affair, which has cost the country Mr. Wyndham's services, it is earnestly to be hoped that nothing stands in the way of Lord Dudley retaining his place as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in which he has won popularity such as very few Viceroys have enjoyed in the past. The attention with which he and his wife have sought to do good to the poorer classes of the community, and their resolution to live in, and identify themselves with, Ireland, have won the hearts of the people. The Earl is nearly thirty-eight. Before his appointment, he, together with five of his brothers, served in the Boer War. He has added very considerably to a Viceroy's means of knowing the country he rules by the introduction of the motor-car into Viceregal operations. He has penetrated, driving his own machine (not always without accident), into many places where no tenant of Dublin Castle has ever been seen before. The last of his few and short absences from Ireland was the occasion of a strange Constitutional mishap. Whenever the Lord-Lieutenant leaves the country, the Government can only be legally carried on by Lords Justices especially sworn in for the purpose. When Lord Dudley ran over for a week-end lately, this solemnity was forgotten, and Ireland was for one clear Sunday without a Government! Lady Dudley is of the wealthy Quaker family of Gurney, and was the adopted child of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford.

Mme. Olga Tomilin

Wife of a Russian Colonel, who has been thanked by the Japanese Press for her services in nursing the wounded at Harbin and Mukden

Photo by] **The Latest Form of Stage Photography: Three positions on one plate of Miss Maud Wynter** [*Byzanotype*

Miss Wynter is a young actress who made a very favourable impression in the small part of a lady's maid in *The Lady from Leeds*, Captain Robert Marshall's farcical romance, which was lately seen at Wyndham's Theatre

The First Man who ever Understood Woman

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Eric Lewis as "Mollentrave," in "Mollentrave on Women," at the St. James's Theatre

In "Mollentrave," who has published in one volume the whole history of women's foibles, Mr. Eric Lewis has a part which exactly suits his light and debonair manner. The spirit he breathes into the play keeps it very much alive from start to finish

POINTS FROM THE PLAYHOUSES

A GLOOMY FORECAST OF REPERTOIRE RUN BY THE L.C.C.

At the risk of making matters worse, I crave permission to join the consultation on the babe, Repertoire. The poor thing has been cuffed and fondled; it has been smacked and put into a corner; it has been given the floor, and been publicly petted by an admiring circle of visitors. Some, mistaking its composition, have praised it for virtues which it does not possess; others have maligned it for vicious habits which it has not yet learned. This poor creature has been mothered almost to death. Only by the most careful neglect can any hopes be entertained of its recovery. If the London County Council ever succeed in forcing the sick-room in the guise of a doctor, the poor infant will die. It is this aspect of a grave situation I would dilate upon.

Plots in Spring Gardens

The danger that London will be depressed by a house of entertainment run by the L.C.C. is very real. Compared with other governing bodies, the L.C.C. extends its authority with the deadly purpose and clandestine working of a secret society. You never can tell where next this Council will lay its usurping hand. For mystery and dark purpose the house in Spring Gardens is not a whit behind the meeting-places in Soho of foreign desperados. Like these resorts, London's Council house is hidden away. Nine citizens out of ten would be unable to act as a guide through the secret passage which runs from Spring Gardens into the fair expanse of Trafalgar Square. Of other points these nine representative citizens would be equally ignorant. What do they know of its aims, of its composition, of it powers? Next to nothing. From time to time, from out the blue, some arbitrary bolt strikes the giddy Londoner, reminding him uncomfortably of the days of his childhood, when grown-ups did not encourage arguments against correction.

Jacques Bonhomme in the Strand

"No 'Paris in London' for you," says the L.C.C., and there the matter ends. It is of no use to point out that Paris does not consist entirely of dissipated *roués*, that even if it did, a place of entertainment on the Strand would not corrupt us into such. The Council is convinced that it has saved many respectable citizens from wearing flowing black bow-ties, from drinking absinthe by the quart, from learning to appreciate the artistry of *double entendre*, from revelling in the matrimonial complications of immoral plays. Thraldom is very complete under an authority which holds views such as these, and it is the worse that with fine cunning, master gaoler dons the garb and acts the part of master preacher. If my suspicion be correct, that the L.C.C. are nurturing the unholy desire to become whole owners and complete directors of a Repertoire Theatre, there will be opened, at no very distant date, a house of entertainment of which the like has never been seen.

Bumbledom v. The Drama

From the first the London County Council have constantly exhibited their peculiar disqualifications for the task of running a theatre. Bumbledom may not come amiss in the management of public parks or Thames steamboats. Brought into contact with the atmosphere of a theatre it sets up an explosion, and either Bumbledom is absorbed or the drama dies a lingering death. Just consider for the moment the mountains of abuse that have been, undeservedly, heaped upon the one official who crosses the border of stage-land—the licenser of plays—just because he is an official. This will give you an approximate idea of the reception which awaits the new officials the Council must appoint; of the delicate gibes which would be directed at the chairman of the Repertoire Theatre Committee, at the Director of Productions, and at the official whose duty it would be to engage the players. If that worthy chanced to stroll into Maiden Lane!

A further reason against a mad project. A large section of the playgoing public suffers at some time or another from the hallucination that it can run a theatre. The one reason which prevents these maniacs from making savage attacks on the managers is that the latter so frequently lose money over their ventures. The knowledge that that demented actor-manager Brown is losing a portion of his own, and large sums of his friends' money, prevents many crimes. Let the London County Council play at the game of losing money, with stakes contributed by the public funds, the mad passions of baulked would-be theatrical managers will be let loose upon them. If a day ever sets upon Spring Gardens, laid waste by a fanatical mob of theatre-goers, I shall have the melancholy satisfaction of feeling that both the London County Council and the public were forewarned.

E. C. S.

Where Shall We Go To-Night?

"The Bystander" Theatre Guide

His Majesty's Theatre: *Much Ado About Nothing.*—No playgoer should miss a Tree production.

Adelphi Theatre, 8.20: *The Taming of the Shrew.*—Well over 100-night mark. Ruin not now spelt S-h-a-k ——, etc.

Imperial Theatre, 8.15: *King Henry V.*—Another Shakesperean success

Haymarket Theatre: *The Monkey's Paw* and *Everybody's Secret.*—New adaptation from the French, by Robert Marshall and Louis N. Parker. First piece exerts a gruesome fascination.

Criterion Theatre, 9: *Freedom of Suzanne.*—Marie Tempest tells a merry tale.

New Theatre, 8.15: *The Scarlet Pimpernel.*—"The long arm of coincidence," pretty clothes, French fugitives, and general excitement.

Garrick Theatre, 8.30: *The Walls of Jericho.*—The success of the season.

St. James's Theatre, 8.30 and 9: *A Maker of Men* and *Mollentrave on Women.*—Eric Lewis, a debonair Mollentrave.

Duke of York's Theatre, 2.30 and 8.30: *Peter Pan.*—Last performances. Then Ellen Terry re-appears in Barrie's new play.

Wyndham's Theatre: *Mr. Hopkinson.*—Transferred from the Avenue Theatre. In other words, Mr. Hopkinson going well.

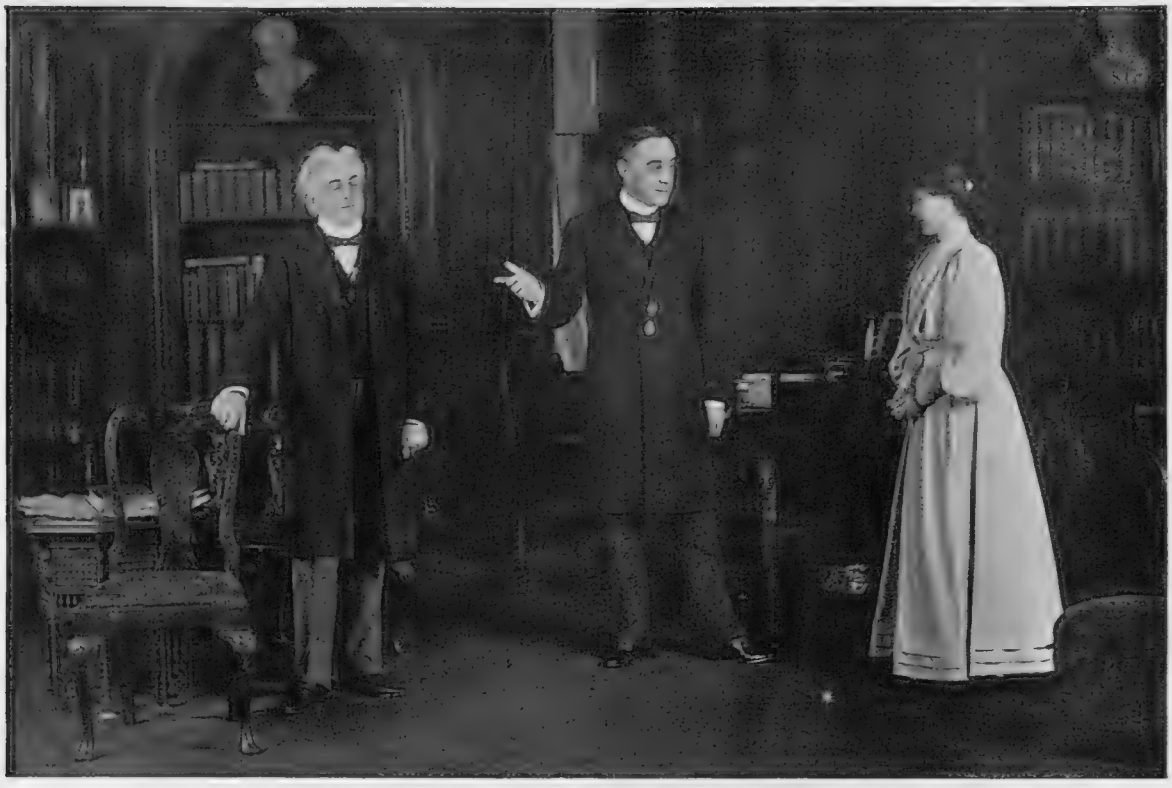
Strand Theatre, 8.30: *Off the Rank.*—Willie Edouin in a new farcical comedy.

Light opera at Apollo. Musical comedy successes at Vaudeville, Gaiety, Prince of Wales', Lyric. Take them in order.

SCENES FROM

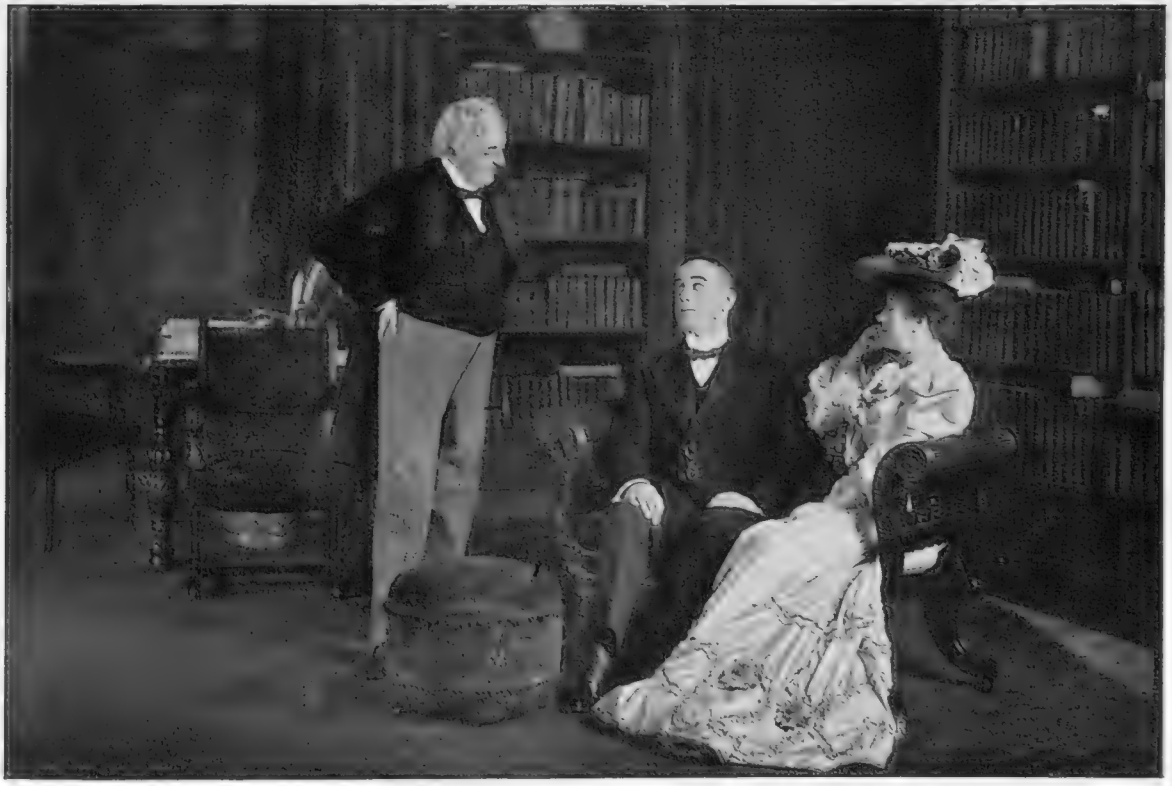
"MOLLENTRAVE ON WOMEN"

AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE



Mr. Eric Lewis (*Mollentrave*) — **Mr. Norman McKinnel** (*Sir Joseph Balsted*) — **Miss Lettice Fairfax** (*Margaret, Sir Joseph's Ward*)

Margaret is a gushing young thing, who has fallen in love with her elderly guardian, Sir Joseph. The latter calls in the aid of Mollentrave, who complicates matters by bringing off an engagement between the delighted Margaret and the disgusted Sir Joseph



Photos by *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Eric Lewis **Mr. Norman McKinnel** **Miss Marion Terry**

MOLLENTRAVE: "My dear fellow, here all is simple, and there is no further need of analysis. Your ward belongs to the large class, known as INVERTEBRATE SENTIMENTALISTS"

Royalty upon the Stage

Photo by *Langfier*

Miss Sarah Brooke as "Katherine," in "King Henry the Fifth," at the Imperial Theatre

The "feminine interest" in *King Henry the Fifth* is not much in evidence until the last Act, when King Harry woos the fair daughter of Charles VI. of France. This scene is played in a pleasant vein of comedy by Mr. Lewis Waller and Miss Sarah Brooke, who makes a delightfully piquant French Princess

Random Jottings

The Intrusion of the Business Man

It is understood that Lord Cawdor is not proving such an embarrassment to his colleagues as might have been expected. The shyness which many Ministers exhibited at their first contact with a Business Man has already passed off, and they are fast becoming convinced that behind the Efficient there lie the makings of a very good fellow.

Vain Regrets

Indeed, some of the noble Earl's colleagues are said to be regretting that they never had a business training themselves. It gives one such a standing with the public. In several cases, of course, they have held Directorships. But that is another story.

The Throw-back

In the meantime, the Liberal Party is said to be forging a quite novel scheme of Army Reform, the chief novelty about it being that it is a throw-back to the Cardwell system. There are, of course, several objections to this system, but in so far as it insists upon providing guns for our gunners and rifles for the infantry, of a shooting power not inferior to that of a possible enemy, it is considered beyond criticism. Always supposing that anything relating to Army Reform can truly be said to be beyond criticism.

Purely English

A contemporary warns us that the strict observance of Lent in this country need not necessarily be ascribed to the influence of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander. Other characteristics of Great Britain, which have not been inaugurated by these celebrated revivalists, are the Constitution, Party Government, and the anti-Churchill charges of Mr. Wanklyn.

Wankling

We understand that the Twentieth Century Dictionary will shortly issue a supplement. Among the new words treated in it will be the verb "To wankle." (Root, wan—as in wander; kle—repetitive termination.) "To wander repeatedly—

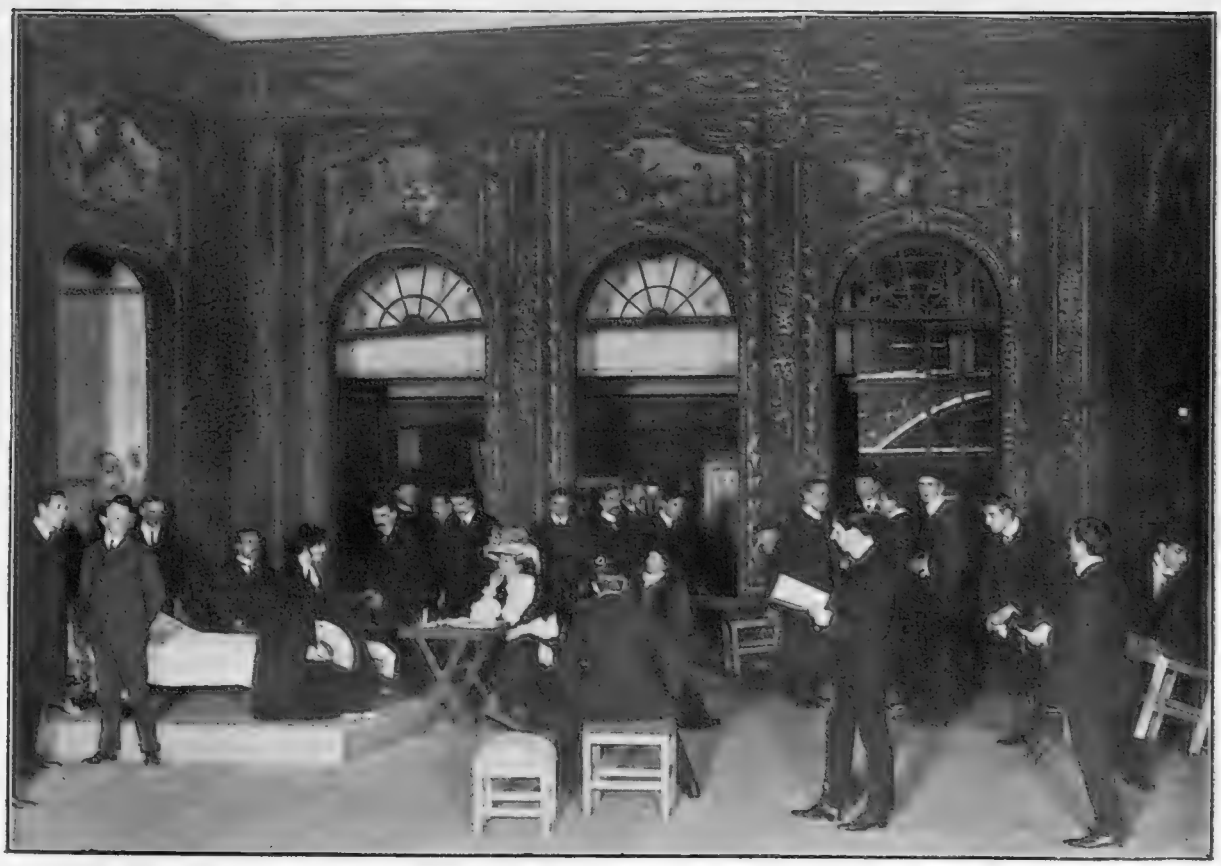


Photo by] **Mrs. Brown-Potter and Company rehearsing "Du Barri," at the Savoy Theatre** [*Biograph Studio*

Rehearsals in their initial stage are very rough-and-ready affairs. Anyone who is not familiar with work "behind the scenes" is bewildered at the amount of noise and apparent confusion. The stage carpenter will be issuing orders to the hands; the electricians attending to the battens; the members of the company, not engaged at the actual moment, will be rehearsing up stage, and all the while the principals will be running through the dialogue, prompted at frequent intervals by the ass stant stage-manager. In the illustration Mrs. Brown-Potter is seen seated on the left with a fan in her hand

to keep on wandering." A later meaning is to suffer from hallucinations which must find outward expression — *cf.* Shakespeare: *Hamlet*, act iii., scene 2.

First Cit.: He babbleth.

Second Cit.: Nay, he wankleth, even as one on whom disordered visions of the night flock bat-like.

Strauss traces it from the low German "wonkel" (root wink) or winkle—that which sticks to a point obstinately.

The Happy Indians

The Happy Indian was always more or less a poetic fiction, even when he ran wild. Dignified melancholy is, we believe, the American Indian's chief attribute. Transported to Earl's Court he may seem happier, but he cannot be more dignified. We are moved to these remarks by reading that forty North American Indians are to be exhibited at the above-mentioned pleasure-haunt in May. The Directors wish it to be understood that they are not savages—they being the Indians, not the Directors—but in most cases British subjects. The Directors are, of course, not savages.

Wigwams and Rural District Councils

But ought British subjects to be exhibited? Some people will say they ought not; yet, perhaps, there is something to be learnt from watching the Indian in his camp making "wigwams, moccasins, and other articles." The wigwam—a cheap construction—might convert some of our Rural District Councillors to a more liberal attitude in the matter of workmen's cottages. Then again, only by seeing one another can we British subjects get to know one another and appreciate what leader-writers mean when they quote the remark *Civis Romanus sum*. What do we know of England, who have not seen a North American Indian? There is only one drawback. The Ojibways were so splendid in the romance of our boyhood. Will future generations of schoolboys—after hearing the Ojibways recite Longfellow in their own tongue, as they are destined to do—ever experience the delightful thrills that used to course through our veins when the Ojibway was seen on the horizon in the second chapter of "Scouts and Scalps"? We doubt it.

Fond Parent: "And what would mummy's own darling do if mummy were to die?"

Daughter *(bored)*: "Wear black"

A Country Card

Spring is well on to us, and several nature-students have discovered lady-birds on their desks or in their gardens. Crocuses have been found growing wild in Epping Forest. No one has as yet had the courage to write and say that he has heard the Cuckoo, but it can only be a matter of hours now. Lambs are doing well, and green is to be the prevailing colour this season—both with men and trees.

Considerate

It seems that to whatever lengths the Russian revolutionaries may go, every consideration will be shown to those in authority where possible. General Trepoff, for example, has been assured that he need not be afraid to go about in the streets, as arrangements had been completed for killing him in his bed.

The Waiters' Onset

The campaign of the British waiters—who are anxious to oust aliens from the hotels and restaurants of the West End—is being vigorously conducted. The latest proposal is that British waiters should learn French, but with what object we do not quite understand. Is it that they may be able to translate the menu to the bewildered diner-out? Or is the idea that only by this means can the born Englishman acquire that broken accent which seems to be the hall-mark of the waiter as we know him? We were under the impression that, however slow he might be by comparison with the foreigner, the English waiter had this one great advantage, that he could speak, and understand, English.

"The Bystander" Mission to Messrs. Torrey and Alexander

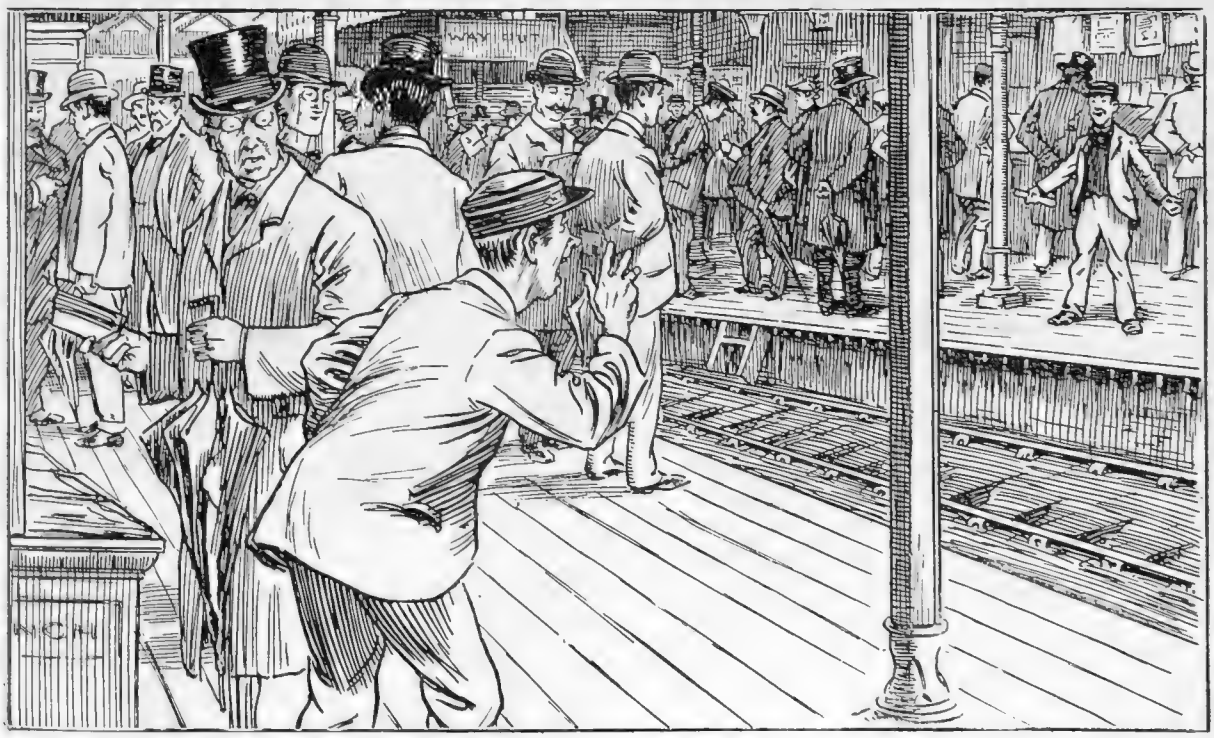
(Concluded from last week)

It would hardly have been fair to set out to criticise the undertaking of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander without first of all correcting or strengthening the impressions left upon one's mind by their preliminary advertisements, and by a visit to one of their services. I went to the Albert Hall one evening before writing my first article. I did not think that my impressions would need correcting, for the things that I had heard and read about these men, mostly from their admirers, were significant, and it seemed impossible that what I might hear at one of their services could give the lie to what I had already heard of their beliefs, their actions, and their record. But if there had been one single sign of spiritual power, if I had heard one sentence or one word of which I could have said, "That is from outside the man; he could not have spoken it of himself," I should not have written as I did. I should not have written at all. But I heard nothing of the sort, and I record my experience with a clear conscience.

I passed the Albert Hall about half an hour before the commencement of the service. The congregation was already making its way thither. "Congregation" is exactly the right word to describe the audience as I then saw it. The few scores of people I then saw were the same sort of people you may meet any Sunday evening making their way to church, or more especially to chapel; eager, talkative, carrying bibles and hymn-books, just the sort of people to whom services of so unusual a character would prove a tremendous attraction and excitement, but not the sort of people for whom one had read that the mission was designed.

The Righteous in the Stalls

At about ten minutes past eight I went in. "Tickets only at this door" was my first greeting and my second, and I found myself eventually mounting the stairs to what is known on more secular occasions as the shilling gallery. As I made my way to a seat, the hall was ringing to the closing strains of the Old Hundredth, sung by an immense number of voices, and accompanied on the great organ. The effect was indescribable, and it was heightened by the moving sight of the large concourse of people. It seemed as if the great space below and around one was full, and the hall packed from floor to ceiling. Almost immediately, Dr. Torrey got up to preach, and, after a time, one could look round and estimate the crowd more at leisure. Then it could be seen that the hall was by no means full. Very few of the boxes had any occupants at all, and seat after seat in the lower parts was vacant. The gallery was, I should think, more fully occupied than any other part of the house. Ten minutes after the



"Pagan London"

FIRST BOOKSTALL BOY: "Hi! Bill, 'ave yer got a 'Christian' over there?"
SECOND DITTO: "No, there ain't *one* on this side"

DRAWN BY CHAS. CROMBIE

beginning of the service, I could only find a seat in the topmost row, from which I could hear what was said, with difficulty.

The Unrighteous in the Gallery

Now, obviously, amongst the people in this gallery were to be found, if anywhere, those outside the range of existing religious influences; those, that is, whom the missioners profess to be anxious to convert. Tickets, obtained, no doubt, without the slightest difficulty by regular chapel and evangelical church-goers, do not come their way, and they come to this, the only part of the hall open to them, attracted, perhaps, by curiosity, but with minds uncritical, certainly not antagonistic, ready to be moved if the men they have come to listen to, have the power to move them. And yet they are packed away under the roof, while those who are already of the religion preached by the missioners are accommodated with the best seats, and with hundreds to spare. I have no hesitation in saying that room could easily have been found in the body of the hall for every soul around me in the top galleries. Why tickets at all?

The Appeal for Converts

As time went on, the lack of sincerity involved in this arrangement became startling. When Dr. Torrey, after his address, made appeals for converts to each part of the hall separately, the galleries were almost ostentatiously ignored. There was a perfunctory appeal which was not answered, and was apparently not expected to be answered. And when the "helpers" were instructed to get to work, and one saw on the floor far below little black figures moving busily about among the rows, there was no sign of any such movement in the gallery. From beginning to end we were left out in the cold. So that in this much-boomed revival, for which thousands of unaccounted-for pounds have been collected, the people who are encouraged to come, and from amongst whom the fruit is gathered, are the people already thoroughly familiar with the sort of religion preached, while the people who are outside its influences are held of no account.

An Uninspiring Address

Of Dr. Torrey's address little need be said. It was absolutely uninspiring, as far removed from true spiritual appeal as it could be possible to imagine. There was an interminable story about two Americans, called "Jahn" and "Muhrry," to illustrate the elementary statement that anyone who was offered genuine jewels in exchange for sham ones would be a fool not to accept them, and there were other American illustrations to give point to similar irrefutable statements. There was no attempt made to show the beauty of holiness. All was hard, banal, unintelligent, and unconvincing. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, to touch either heart or intellect.

Building the new Victoria Station: The view from Buckingham Palace Road

To the five acres now covered by the present Victoria Station eight acres of improvements more are being added, in order that the Company may better cope with workmen's trains and a rapid service to the coast. The new platforms will accommodate three trains at once. The cost of the improvements is estimated at two and a half millions, while, when completed, a further annual outlay will be necessary to have a staff half as large again as the one now employed

And the trail of failure and disillusion seemed to lie over the whole service. I saw nothing of the emotionalism described by some visitors. The proceedings seemed to me entirely too dull and apathetic to arouse any emotion, true or false.

And after all it must be so. What good can come from religious movement which rests admittedly on money and advertising, and artificially created emotion, engineered by men who display so little of the Christian spirit, men who are moved by assertiveness rather than faith, who mistake enterprise for zeal, and have about as much humility in their composition as a peacock? The people of London will never be moved by such methods as those employed by Messrs. Torrey and Alexander, and they have not been moved in this instance by a hair's breadth.

A. H. M.

A Phrase of the Hour

"PIT IS IT"

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD

SCENES FROM

"My Lady Nicotine"

THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE

Photo by *Campbell-Gray*

One of the most striking spectacles in the ballet

On the bowl of a huge ornamental pipe is posed "La Sylphe," whose beautiful dancing is one of the features of the new ballet. On the stem is Miss Edith Slack, the *première danseuse*, a great favourite with Alhambra audiences

"My Lady Nicotine" at the Alhambra

"My Lady Nicotine" in Virginia

The ballet opens in a Virginian plantation, where the slaves are tending the culture of the tobacco leaf. The story, developed in the way of ballets, concerns a jealous slave-driver (on the left) and the planter's lovely daughter

Photos by **"My Lady Nicotine" in Holland** [*Campbell-Gray*

This scene is one of the most picturesque in the ballet. The Dutch costumes are well set off by characteristic surroundings, such as windmills and fishing boats. Here, gossips and burgomasters join in a quaint dance of the Sabots

CONCERNING SIR ALFRED HARMSWORTH

(NO. 67 OF THE SERIES)

There can be no doubt or mistake about the mark made on his time by Sir Alfred Harmsworth. It is the very deepest kind of scratch; and there are some who maintain that it amounts to what Mr. Huntley calls "quite a nasty place." We are always saving the future historian trouble by pointing out to him what he will certainly say about our own period. In this, at least, he cannot go astray. When he comes to reckon up the new factors in British civilisation that have altered the whole constitution of life for this generation, he will put in the foremost place, above motor-cars, tariff reform, appendicitis, radium, George Edwardes, and india-rubber heel-pads, that portentous thing that we call, with irreverent curtness, the *Mail*.

What does the *Mail* mean? Not always what it says, we fear—at least, that is the prevailing impression among its supporters. For it is a great part of the secret of that remarkable paper that people do not read it and admire it as a guide and director of their opinions. Most of them know much better than that. Most of them have heard of some of the little slips by which Sir Alfred's daily has distinguished itself. No: they read it because they cannot do without it. It has become a habit with them. It may not always be entirely truthful; it may sometimes deviate from the path of common sense; but it is always interesting and always on the spot. You cannot get away from it. What the *Mail* means, in short, is that the biography of a day, like the biography of any human being, has its romantic, its thrilling, its attractive episodes; and that a man came along who believed it possible to pick these out and serve them up (with or without dressing) for the ridiculous sum of one halfpenny.

For this discovery (it is supposed) Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, of Berkeley Square, St. Peters, Guildford, and elsewhere, was made a Baronet last year, at the age of forty. It is an honour that few men of his wealth and celebrity escape; but there are not many who attain to it so entirely without aid from anything but their own brains.

Some people believe that Sir Alfred was born fully equipped for the purpose of founding the New Journalism. But even he had to learn; and at the age of seventeen or thereabouts he found himself doing editorial work in the offices of one of the great illustrated weeklies. For a few years he observed how the land lay, convincing himself that there was a great deal of money going about for which his pocket was the naturally-appointed place. Then, in 1888, he took the plunge, and founded *Answers*.

It is believed that there was a short period of time during which it seemed doubtful whether young Mr. Harmsworth was not going, after all, to remain among the crowd. But all doubt vanished when a certain guessing competition was announced to the world. The resources of the General Post Office proved quite inadequate to the work of conveying the letters of competitors to *Answers* editorial premises; and Mr. Harmsworth was started.

Since then he has never been set back. He bought the *Evening News* six years after the founding of *Answers*. It was then that he began to experiment with his idea of giving the world a journal which would interest the maximum number of persons. Result: such success that the enterprise, then considered merely laughable, of starting a halfpenny morning paper was undertaken. That was in 1896; and almost any of us can remember the life-history of the venture.

Sir Alfred now controls some thirty periodical publications, and an indeterminate number of brothers. Apart from papers, he does not care to be much in the public eye; though he did once stand as a Unionist for Portsmouth, which would not have him. That was ten years ago. About the same time he financed an Arctic expedition. His Mr. Jackson found Nansen—a splendid scoop. He knows almost as much about Napoleon as his next-door neighbour in Berkeley Square, Lord Rosebery; and he resembles the great Emperor as much as an Anglo-Irishmen can be expected to resemble a Corsican. He does not like to sleep more than a few nights running in the same place. He works hard at his affairs. And he is very fond of motor-cars.

Bystander Philosophy

Many a woman who would scorn to tell a lie is an adept in the art of making-up.

An actor may be expert at taking up his cue and yet play a bad game at billiards.

Artifice often masquerades under the name of art.

You may send a man to Parliament, but you cannot make him vote.

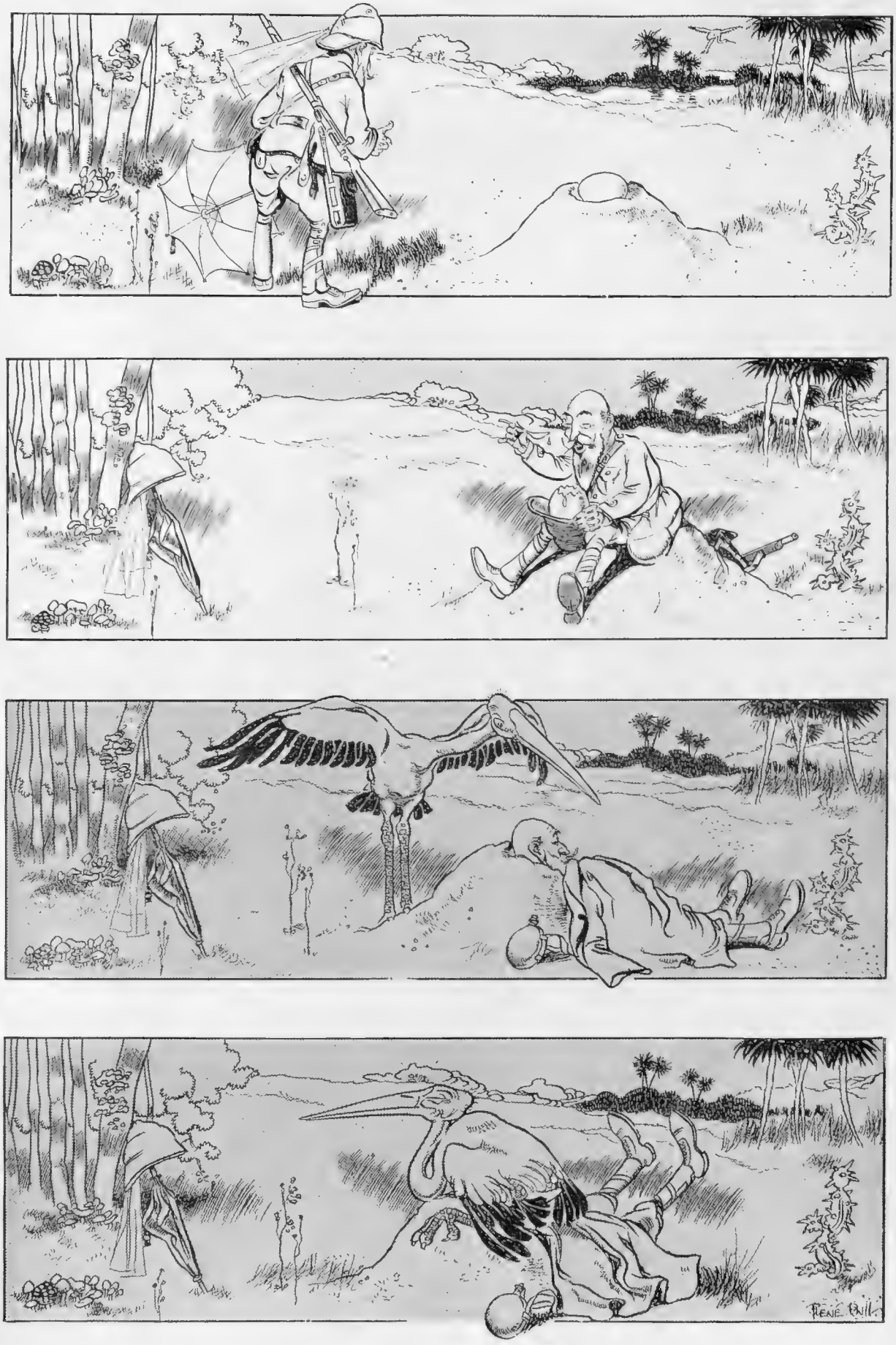
Dun or you may be done.

A man who is unable to draw a straight line often draws his salary regularly.

What's in a name? Petrol by any other name would smell as sweet.

To find your friend, enquire for him at his wife's club.

The Napoleon of the Press



A TRAVELLER'S TALE

(TOLD BY RENÉ BULL)

THE CULT OF BRIDGE

SOME WELL-KNOWN LADY PLAYERS

Photo by] **LADY ANGELA FORBES** *[Lallie Charles*

One of Blanche, Lady Rosslyn's beautiful daughters, and sister of the Duchess of Sutherland

SOME WELL-KNOWN LADY BRIDGE PLAYERS

Photo by *Alice Hughes*

LADY SYBIL LASCELLES

A daughter of the tenth Duke of St. Albans, and wife of our Ambassador at Berlin

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OUR SHORT STORY

A LAPSE OF MEMORY

By HAROLD CAMPBELL

AFTER Mrs. Selwyn was thrown on her head, in that bad hunting accident, it was generally thought that she was a very fortunate woman to have made so rapid a recovery.

Concussion of the brain is a serious matter, and often leaves curious after-effects on the memory. Not that anything of the sort happened in her case, at first. As we have said, Mrs. Selwyn made a record recovery—perhaps it was too rapid to be complete, and left behind some subtle brain lesion, ready to develop into that extraordinary relapse in Paris of which we are about to relate.

Shortly after her recovery, the Selwyns arranged to proceed to the Riviera, and, as Mr. Selwyn was unable to start at once, Mrs. Selwyn preceded him as far as Paris, where they were to join forces and continue the journey together. Whether, as is possible, the vibration of the railway travelling started the mischief again, or whether the excitement of the journey had something to do with it, this much is certain: Mrs. Selwyn left Charing Cross a happy married woman, seen off by a devoted husband, and arrived in Paris a spinster—at least, as far as she herself was concerned.

It is said that the brain is composed of cells, each of which contains the key to some separate set of memories; if so, the cell that contained Mrs. Selwyn's married life suddenly went out of order, for this life was blotted out as completely as if it had never been. In other respects she was absolutely sane, but she was Mrs. Selwyn no longer—she was Miss Carew, reverting naturally to her proper maiden name. The brain is a curious thing—and, as in a dream, it often takes up an absurd situation and works it out sanely and logically, so Mrs. Selwyn acted consistently on her arrival in Paris. She disowned her own luggage, because it had "Selwyn," instead of "Carew," painted on it, and, indeed, made a formal complaint of its loss.

Nor did the luggage-check afford her any clue, for this was in a hand-bag marked "Selwyn."

Having lodged this complaint, she drove at once—and this is curious—to the right hôtel; and there we must leave her for a while, unconsciously to await her divorced husband.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile, the unfortunate Mr. Selwyn had no inkling of the fate in store for him, if we may except a natural anxiety at the non-receipt of a letter from his wife. So, having completed his arrangements in London, he followed Mrs. Selwyn to Paris in due course, and drove at once to the hotel, where he was horrified to learn, from the landlord, that she had never arrived. Not only this, but apparently she had not arrived in Paris at all, for her letters were still awaiting her, uncalled for. He determined to snatch a hasty dinner before going round to raise the hue and cry at the bureau of police.

Luckily, *table d'hôte* had just commenced, and he was able to secure a seat without much difficulty. Hardly had he unfolded his serviette, and glanced round the table, when he was electrified at the sight of his wife seated nearly opposite him, calmly talking to a fat young Frenchman on her left. Evidently she had not seen him.

"Hullo, Delia!" he ejaculated. "Just arrived, and do you know, that idiot of a landlord told me you weren't here at all!"

She gave a slight start at the sound of her name, and her eyes rested upon him, for a moment, with a look of absolute unrecognition, slightly tinged with surprise. Then, as he was evidently waiting for a reply, she said coldly, "I am afraid you are labouring under some mistake. I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"What *do* you mean, Delia?" asked Selwyn aghast.

"I mean that I strongly object, being addressed in this familiar manner by a total stranger."

Never had a man been so publicly snubbed. Selwyn could only gasp out, "A total stranger!" in speechless astonishment, but she vouchsafed him no further reply, and continued her interrupted conversation with the young Frenchman.

"Let me see, what were we talking of?" she said, in her clear-cut accents. "Oh, yes! The relative status of women in France and England. Well, Monsieur, speaking as an unmarried woman, I think we have a much better time of it than unmarried girls in France. A French girl gains liberty by marriage—but I, as an Englishwoman, would regard it merely as a tie."

"The deuce you would," muttered Selwyn under his breath, "but I believe it is one of her old practical jokes, carried to most monstrous lengths."

He determined to have it out with her in the drawing-room afterwards. The rest of the dinner was a terrible ordeal: the fat young Frenchman persistently addressed Mrs. Selwyn as "Mees," which he breathed through his nose, in a way that made Selwyn long to kick him.

Nor was the desire lessened when Selwyn, strolling into the drawing-room later on, found his wife ea ed with the Frenchman and an old lady in a corner.

"Well, Delia," he said, a trifle grimly, strolling up to the little group, "now that you have had your little joke, perhaps you will favour me with a private chat."

Delia's eyes shot fire. "Really, sir," she said angrily, "this persecution is intolerable, and, if you continue it, I must leave the room, or summon the landlord."

The little Frenchman was up in arms in a moment. "I will protect you, chère M-meese," he shouted.

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"Hold your tongue, you ass!" replied Selwyn hastily, goaded to desp ration.

"What do you say Monsieur—'ass'—let me tell you, that 'vere' it not in the *entente cordiale*, I 'vould' box you a black nose."

"Hush, M. Anatole," interrupted the old lady, "this unseemly fracas cannot be allowed, but I will see M. Pichon, and have this individual expelled from the precincts of the hotel."

Selwyn retired hastily—there was nothing else to do. His detractors say that he said "damnation" as he went out of the door, but I believe he has been misrepresented. Arrived in the hall, he rang the bell for a whisky and soda to calm his ruffled nerves, but instead of the waiter bringing it the landlord arrived instead, and counselled him, in a fatherly way, to go to bed.

"I suppose you think I'm drunk, eh?" inquired Selwyn sarcastically.

"Oh, no—*not* drunk—but, what you say, a 'little excited."

This was the last straw. Selwyn resolved to lie in wait for his wife at bed-time. He owed her something now, and the score was running up. At length, from a secure place of observation, he witnessed a friendly parting between her and M. Anatole at the foot of the stairs, and following her up, reached her bedroom door just a second too late. However, he at once knocked, saying firmly, "Now, Delia, I insist upon coming in. We have had enough of this foolery."

He heard distant and furious peals of some electric bell, and presently hurrying footsteps along the corridor. As soon as they became audible, Delia commenced to scream for help at the top of her voice, and Selwyn soon found himself confronted with the landlord for the second time, to say nothing of the entire hotel staff. Moreover, Delia herself issued from her bedroom to denounce him, and he found himself hustled off to a distant bedroom to await expulsion in the morning—the hour being judged too late for his immediate exodus.

There were times, in that long and sleepless night, when the wretched man almost began to believe that he really must be both drunk and a bachelor.

Descending to the landlord's office first thing the following morning, having paid his bill in haughty silence, he said, "I wonder you have not the effrontery to send me in my wife's bill too." The landlord smiled sweetly. "Zat I cannot do," said he, "because Madame, your wife, has not yet arrived!" Selwyn did not deign to argue, but walking out of the office, suddenly came face to face with Mrs. Selwyn in the hall. "Delia," he said solemnly, "I make one last appeal to you. Are you going to allow the father of your children to be turned into the street?"

A loud shriek of outraged dignity burst from Delia's lips, and, hardly had it died away, when the smoking-room *portière* curtain was thrust aside, and M. Anatole strode into the hall, and confronted Selwyn.

"So, sare," he hissed, "you go on insulting this charmante Meese. The *entente cordiale* shall restrain me no longer—my card—and my seconds shall 'vait' upon you."

Selwyn snatched the proffered card from M. Anatole's hand, tore it in fragments, and threw them back in that gentleman's face, remarking angrily, "Then, Monsieur, they had better not 'vait' on me here, for my wife has just procured me my expulsion!" So saying, he strode hastily out of the hotel, while Delia was removed in hysterics.

"Ah, you shall not escape me with these excuses, 'lache,'" shouted M. Anatole, dashing after him. "I will 'dogue' your footprints all over Paris!"

. . . . .

Delia's fainting fit was of short duration, but she emerged from it as Mrs. Selwyn again—doubtless the shock had restored her memory—as is not uncommon in these cases.

She awoke to find herself in the middle of rather a complicated situation, and the explanations required of her were neither few nor simple. However, they were made, and in due course messengers were sent out to find her unfortunate husband. Their task was not an easy one—Paris is a large place—but they found him eventually, wandering aimlessly round the Boulevards, closely shadowed by the implacable M. Anatole.

We will draw a veil over the meeting between husband and wife. Mr. Selwyn had nothing to forgive after all; illness excuses everything.

All was put right between them, but they had still M. Anatole to reckon with, who, poor man, ignorant of all that had happened, and still intent on "dogueing" Selwyn's "footprints," burst in upon the re-united couple in the drawing-room of the hotel.

"Ah, chère M-meese," he ejaculated triumphantly, "I again arrive in time to protect you from 'cet animal-la.'"

Mrs. Selwyn's eyes opened with astonishment. She, of course, did not remember M. Anatole in the least.

"I think, Monsieur," she said, with cold dignity, "you must be labouring under some extraordinary delusion. It is not usual for total strangers to protect ladies against their own husbands."

M. Anatole collapsed—there is no other word for it—physically and mentally he collapsed, and sank into a chair. Sheer astonishment deprived him of speech.

Selwyn determined to get a little of his own back.

"Don't you see, Monsieur," he laughed, "that it is all a joke, and that we have been pulling your leg. Admit that we both acted splendidly!"

The little Frenchman rose to his feet solemnly.

"The acting of Monsieur et Madame," said he, with conviction, "was worthy of Réjane and of Coquelin ainé. Mes compliments!"

He bowed profoundly, and quitted the room. Soon his voice was heard outside, raised in speech. "Messieurs," he began, "I have always maintained that the general opinion that the English were all mad was wrong. I call you to witness, that I, Anatole Jean Dubois, retract. Individually, collectively, and nationally, they are mad—mad as March hares. *Garçon, un absinthe gomme—vite!*"

. . . . .

Mrs. Selwyn has never suffered another lapse of memory, but if she does, Selwyn will bow before the storm, and accept unquestioningly the rôle of bachelor, or any other rôle she may assign him.

HAROLD CAMPBELL.

"Selwyn tore the card in fragments, and threw them back in that gentleman's face"

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

PICTURED IN WEEKLY CHAPTERS BY LAWSON WOOD

Chapter IV.—IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

"Page 43 says I'm safe—because the wind's in the wrong direction"

Lord Beaconsfield's novels are not to be the only literary revivals connected with his recent centenary, for Messrs. Constable are arranging a new edition of his life of Lord George Bentinck, published in the year of Disraeli's Chancellorship of the Exchequer. In some respects this is more interesting than his novels, dealing very largely as it does with the fiscal crisis of the 'forties, for though Disraeli was then the real leader of the Tory Protectionist squires, their nominal chief was Lord George Bentinck, who fought the Free Traders with the same enthusiasm that he showed as a supporter of the turf. Lord George was only forty-six when he died, and Disraeli was deeply grieved when he heard of his sudden death near Welbeck Abbey. "One who stood by his side in an arduous and unequal struggle"—he wrote, in closing the biography four years later, when he himself had coolly discarded Protection—"who often shared his councils, and sometimes, perhaps, soothed his cares; who knew well the greatness of his nature, and esteemed his friendship among the chief of worldly blessings; has stepped aside from the strife and passion of public life to draw up this record of his deeds and thoughts, that those who come after us may form some conception of his character and career."

Many stories are related of Lord George Bentinck's zeal in suppressing dishonest practices on the turf. "Lord George," said the famous "Squire" Osbaldeston at one memorial Newmarket meeting, "I want the £400 I won of you at Heaton Park." "The £400 you swindled me of, you mean," retorted Lord George. The sequel to this was a duel, at which Lord George fired first, and missed. "Now, Squire," he called out, not in the least disconcerted, "it's two to one in your favour." "Why then," replied Osbaldeston, firing in the air, "the bet's off."

One of Messrs. Black's colour books for the spring will deal with Abbotsford, the baronial castle which Sir Walter Scott built for himself out of magic ink. The new volume has been written by the Rev. W. S. Crockett, whose qualifications have been proved by his book on the "Scott Country," and half a dozen other volumes on Border subjects. Abbotsford, at once the joy and the curse of Scott's later life, attracted streams of visitors even in his own day, and pilgrims go to it in increasing numbers every year. It is a magnificent memorial of a writer's industry; the idol, also, which had lured him on to spend a good deal more than he had earned, and contributed to the financial crash of 1826, when his printers failed. Whatever blame Scott deserved in that connection, however, he amply atoned for by those heroic years in which he struggled to pay off the whole debt of £117,000 by his own literary exertions—and, as everyone knows, he succeeded, though not in his lifetime.

Books to Order at Once

GENERAL LITERATURE

The East Africa Protectorate. By Sir Charles Eliot, late H.M. Commissioner for the Protectorate. Illustrated. (Arnold: 15*s.* net.)

Ideals and Realities in Russian Literature. By Prince Kropotkin. (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Chatham. By Frederic Harrison. The last volume in the "Twelve English Statesmen" series. (Macmillan: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

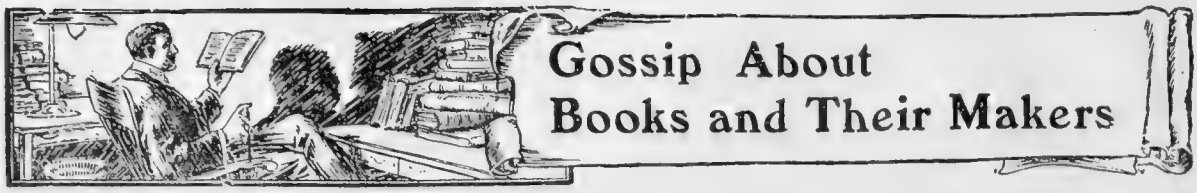
NEW FICTION

The Dryad. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Ready to-morrow (Methuen: 6*s.*)

The Marriage of William Ashe. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*)

The Bell and the Arrow: An English Love Story. By Nora Hopper (Mrs. Hugh Chesson). (Werner Laurie: 6*s.*)

Some strange pictures of Court life in Russia during the eighteenth century are presented by Mr. Philip W. Sergeant in his book on *The Courtships of Catherine the Great*, recently published by Mr. T. Werner Laurie (10*s.* 6*d.* net). Catherine was indifferent to morals, and allowed one of two of her favourites extraordinary license. One, named Patiomkin, obtained such power over the Empress that he aimed at actual marriage with her, but she was too shrewd to go that length; whereupon Patiomkin threatened to abandon her and enter a monastery. Catherine put no obstacle in the way of that; she knew him too well. Nevertheless, he displayed his influence at Court in the most amazing manner. "Receiving crowds of courtiers in his rooms at the Palace," writes Mr. Sergeant, "dressed in his night attire, he would suddenly leave them, and proceed, just as he was, by the private staircase to the Empress's apartments. He never scrupled to appear before her, when consulting her on State affairs, with bare legs, loose gown, and uncombed hair; nor did she resent it." With all her faults, however, Catherine was a great ruler. "Her reign of thirty-four years was for Russia happier and comparatively more peaceful than those of her predecessors, and she left the country not only larger, but better inhabited and better governed." Will the historian of the future be able to say the same of the reign of Nicholas II?



Educated Fiction

A feature of the fiction which some of our younger novelists are producing is what one may call its "educated" quality. The Republic of Letters, while it will always remain a republic, is losing something of that Alsatian freedom of entry which long ago earned for it the popular reputation of being a possible *dernier ressort* for the failures of other trades and professions. It looked for a time as though Journalism, the "gay grisette of Literature," as Mr. Barrie has aptly chr stened it, was tending in the same direction, until the ha'penny Press arose to clothe Ignorance, Unscrupulousness, and Impertinence, in ill-gotten furs. Yet, even in journalism the percentage of educated and cultured men is now higher than it used to be, if we exclude the papers of the "rag" class. In fiction, certainly. The Universities are sending up to Town some of their brightest products, who are taking as seriously to journalism and authorship as once others did to the Law and the Church. Among the younger men, one has only to think of Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. Egerton Castle, Mr. Herbert Morrah, Mr. Lacon Watson, the Bensons, "Benjamin Swift," Mr. John Buchan, Mr. Inglis Allen, and others, to see the point I wish to make; while it may be interesting to remark that all the "Kailyaird" writers are University men. Now, I do not for a moment suggest that a University training is the best thing that can befall the future novelist; but if a man has the real grit of literary invention in him, he will be all the better for his scholarship, and the likelier to produce good literature. Much of our fiction is so grotesquely ignorant, so much more of our journalism is the product of raw and untrained intellects—if, indeed, the word intellect may be used in this connection—that I submit it is a heartsome thing to observe this increasing tendency of well-equipped minds to turn seriously to the profession of letters; although I am ready to grant that the man of character and self-culture, schooled, perhaps, in "the University of Adversity," will always hold his own, and often reach to heights which the academic may not attain.

Photo by Eva Le Mesurier and Winifrea Marshall

Mr. Archibald Marshall

Whose new novel, "The House of Merrilees," is meeting with great success

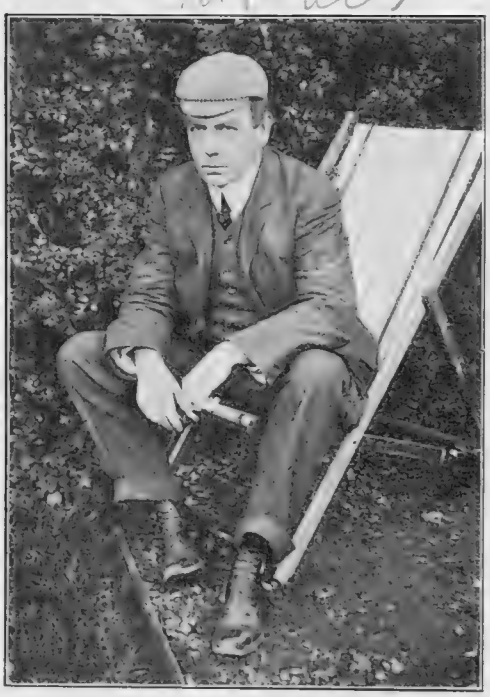
Mr. Archibald Marshall

These thoughts have been moving in my mind with the reading of the newly published novel of Mr. Archibald Marshall, entitled "The House of Merrilees." For this brilliant young writer is among those who are producing what I have called educated fiction. Mr. Marshall is, I believe, a Cambridge man, and, while it is the warm humanity of his novel that is likely to tell for success, it must be clear to the careful reader that the story is the work of a cultured mind. Mr. Marshall was intended for a career in the City, though his father surely took an odd way to qualify him for that when he sent him on the modern "Grand Tour"—a trip round the world. To Cambridge he went on his return, and I hear that he was one of the most popular men of his time at Trinity, where his ambitions speedily shaped themselves towards literature. Indeed, his first novel was written while he was still an undergraduate. Although it had only a *succès d'estime*, he wrote again of what he knew, in that bright and racy story, "Peter Binney, Undergraduate," which had an excellent reception, and within whose pages you will find one of the most vivacious pictures of life at Cambridge we have had in recent fiction. That was five years ago, and, in the meanwhile, Mr. Marshall has done much excellent journalism—I think I am right in saying that he was, for a period, literary editor of the *Daily News*—while a good slice of his time must have gone to his new novel, as it is free from all suspicion of hasty production, and quite obviously the work of one who—albeit a genuine humorist—takes his art seriously, and may be expected to go far. I should add that "The House of Merrilees" is sent out by the new firm of Mr. Alston Rivers, who have just made a hit with one of Gorki's books, and the manner in which they have produced "The House of Merrilees" indicates that they know how to get up books effectively.

Mr. Harris Burland

Since my gossip has led me into talk of coming men in fiction, I cannot do better than add another note on a novelist who will give Mr. Marshall congenial company in these

pages. Mr. J. B. Harris Burland has come to authorship by way of Oxford, so that I am thus able to have both of the Universities represented at once. Mr. Burland, who has speedily won a considerable reputation in America, where at least two of his books have appeared before they have been seen on this side — an unusual thing with a young writer — promises to become one of our most popular serialists, his ability in the construction of an exciting story being his chief strength in that direction. He has had a varied career for one who is only thirty-three. Like his father, he would have gone into the Army; but, after leaving Sherborne School, and passing a Sandhurst examination, his health gave way at the critical moment, and when he was restored again he turned his thoughts to the Church, spending two years at a theological college, where he took a scholarship at Durham, but decided to go to Oxford instead. While at Exeter College, he had the distinction of carrying off the Newdigate Prize for Verse in his first term with a poem on "Amy Robsart." He was subsequently editor of the *Isis*, and secretary of the Union, being associated on the committee of the Union for two years with a number of very distinguished alumni of the ancient University, such as Earl Beauchamp, Lord Balcarres, and Lord Donoughmore. Mr. Belloc and Mr. Morrah, both of whom I have had occasion to mention above, were also members of the Union Committee with Mr. Burland, who took his degree in 1895, and then turned his attention to the stage, acting for a year in "The Sign of the Cross." It is only two years since he took up novel-writing, but he has already written some half-dozen serials for the daily and weekly Press. "Dr. Silex," one of his best stories, which as a book has been extremely well received in America under a different title, ran through *The People* quite recently. It is, indeed, an encouraging sign of the times to find men of the calibre of Mr. Burland devoting themselves to popular fiction, in which his varied experiences of life must stand him in good stead.



Mr. J. B. Harris Burland

Author of "Dr. Silex," "The Black Motor Car," and other popular serials and novels

"The Nimble Sixpence"

Does not it seem strange, that as steadily as the earning capacity of the average man has increased, the cost of books should have fallen? In days when a sovereign was harder to earn than two are now, people had to pay good prices for their books. To-day, when your working-man can plank down twice as much to his favourite publican as his father could afford to squander on beer, publishers vie with each other in cheapening literature. Marvels have been done already at one shilling; but sixpence seems to be the price of the future for reprints of the standard authors. That is the price of the new series Messrs. Methuen commence this week under the editorship of Mr. Sidney Lee. There is no doubt this enterprising firm is giving excellent value, but it seems to me that the "Cameo Classics," just issued at the same price by a new house, known as the Library Press, go one better. These are cloth-bound books, between which and the well-known "World's Classics," belauded two or three years ago as "the last word in cheap publishing," there is little or nothing to choose. Well, if there are publishers "with money to burn," as the Yankees say, let them by all means burn it. 'Tis a worthy cause, and how can a man burn money better than by strewing the land with cheap literature? Meanwhile, those who have a taste for good books, combined with a paucity of spare cash, may set up a really admirable library for a pound or so, in which will be found nearly everything worth reading of the world's great authors.

Perpetual Copyright

Of course, Shakespeare, Milton, Sir Walter Scott, Byron, and most of the immortals, do not draw royalties now, although the absurd plea for perpetual copyright, which some authors support, would provide that the income from the works of any genius of the future should be for ever vested in his heirs and assignees. Untold millions of money have been made out of the works of Shakespeare; literary men and actors without number have lived by exploiting that exhaustless mine; the world has benefited because publishers for centuries have been able to carry on free trade in Shakespeare. Suppose that Shakespeare had a descendant to-day in whom was vested the copyright of these immortal works, what a purse-proud, bloated bounder he would be, in all likelihood! Worse, some speculative Jew might have bought up the copyright, and do you suppose he would have allowed *The Merchant of Venice* to be included in the edition, or even to be put upon the stage? Why should posterity be prevented from having hundreds of publishers showering non-copyright editions of Miss Corelli, Miss Braddon, and Mr. Hall Caine upon them at, say, a farthing a volume? Some cynic may suggest that this last thought is the strongest argument in favour of perpetual copyright.

Photo exclusive to *The Bystander*

The Blackmore Vale Hunt: Mr. John Hargreaves, the Master, discussing with a farmer where to draw

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

The Blackmore Vale

One of the most charming countries in the south of England is the Blackmore Vale, situated in Dorsetshire and Somersetshire. Grass predominates throughout, arable land being found only on the narrow ridges of high ground that separate the vast expanses of low-land extolled by Mr. Thomas Hardy. For the most part, the coverts are quite small; indeed, on many days, reliance is placed on such trivial shelters as pollard trees, stick-heaps, and the like, though for cub-hunting purposes, there are certain woodlands of considerable size. Mr. Hargreaves, who is giving up the Mastership at the end of the season, is the eldest son of the late Master of the South Berks, and since his accession, five years ago, has shown capital sport. Prior to 1900, he had hunted the Cattistock Hounds, and brought with him part of that pack to replace Mr. Merthyr Guest's hounds which were sold by auction. The latter gentleman had, during his sixteen years of office, kept close on a hundred couple of hounds, with which the country was hunted six days a week; but Mr. Hargreaves is, as a rule, content with the statutory four days, and the sport has certainly not suffered by the reduction. To cross the Blackmore Vale successfully a really good hunter is needed, as the fences are mostly on banks with double ditches; on the Yeovil side, however, it is plainer sailing, and flying jumps are the rule. The kennels are at Charlton Horethorne, not very far from Sherborne, where there is an excellent hotel, built by the late Mr. Wingfield Digby, and much affected by hunting men.

The Hunt's History

It is rather difficult to fix the date of the consolidation of the Blackmore Vale Hunt in its present form, for prior to 1853, at which period the rules of territory were still vague, matters were somewhat complicated. From 1806 to 1858, Mr. Farquharson claimed to hunt the whole of Dorsetshire, though, at the end of his reign, his efforts were chiefly confined to the Cattistock and South Dorset countries. A Mr. Hall certainly covered part of the B.V.H. territory in 1834, and the Lord Portman of those days had some arrangement with him about the coverts nearest to Bryanston. Then the Rev. Harry Yeatman had a pack with which he impartially pursued hares, foxes, and roedeer (of which the country is still replete). In addition to these establishments,

Photo exclusive to *The Bystander*

The Blackmore Vale Foxhounds: Mr. John Hargreaves, the Master, arrives in a motor

Mr. Sowles and party watching the draw

Late comers

THE BLACKMORE VALE HUNT

Mr. Erle G. Drax kept a pack from 1833 to 1853, not without strong protests on Mr. Farquharson's part, and it would seem that there was a good deal of animosity shown on both sides. In 1858, when Mr. Farquharson retired, and the South Dorset and Cattistock became separate entities, Mr. Wingfield Digby, of Sherborne Park, hunted the country, to be succeeded in 1865 by Sir Richard Glyn, who, during his nineteen years of control, did yeoman service, turning out a first-rate establishment, and raising the standard of sport to a very high level. The late Mr. Merthyr Guest, who held sway from 1884 to 1900, was also a capital sportsman, who spared neither trouble nor expense in the cause of fox-hunting.

Future Arrangements

The list of vacancies that are being filled up continues to wax greater in the most satisfactory fashion. The York and Ainsty country not only retains the services of Mr. Lycett Green, but is also to owe partial allegiance to Mr. H. E. Preston, a good sportsman, who has officiated in the ring at Peterborough, and is generally looked up to as one of Yorkshire's best authorities on fox-hunting. Then the Albrighton Hunt is to be congratulated on the appointment of Lieut.-Col. Goulburn, an Artillery officer of prowess, as Captain Whitaker's successor. The new Master hails originally from Surrey, and was, for a season, at the head of the Union Hunt in that picturesque but arduous country some few years ago. The Tivyside country, in South Wales, has been controlled by a committee since Captain E. J. Pryse's retirement a year ago, with Colonel A. Newland acting as Field Master. It is now announced that the latter is assuming complete command; and as he is most popular with all classes, the Hunt is bound to prosper under his direction. On the other hand, there are one or two more vacancies to be reported. Mr. Compton contemplates resignation in the New Forest, and the Berks and Bucks Stag Hunt seem likely to lose Sir Robert Wilmot. The Sparkford Vale Harrier country, too, is seeking a new Master, *vice* Mr. Holt Needham.

Photos exclusive to The Bystander

Mr. John Hargreaves, Master of the Blackmore Vale (on the left), the whips, and pack

A TESTIMONIAL

"DEAR SIRS,—I have tried your dun brown fishing flies in all sorts of waters, and have invariably found the fish take them"

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Barnehurst Golf Club

Hitherto I have scrupulously abstained from dealing in any way with the subject of ladies' golf. The mysteries of the *bona dea* at golf are, to me, of so abstruse and recondite, not to say sacred, a nature, that my coarse male pen has shrunk from the task of writing anything on such an intricate topic. There are many able feminine pens to do ample justice to the theme. This week, however, I must, to some extent, break my self-imposed rule, for I wish to say something about an admirable golf club which is managed entirely by ladies. I refer to the Barnehurst Golf Club, to which, by the courtesy of a friend, I paid a most enjoyable visit some weeks ago. Barnehurst lies not far from Bexley, in Kent, and is in the same district as the Blackheath and Eltham Clubs. The club-house is a fine example of the Tudor style, and dates back, I believe, to the times of Henry VII. One of its most famous owners in olden times was Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who, on his return from an attack on Toulon, was wrecked on October 22, 1707, on the rocks of the Island of Scilly. The Admiral and 2,000 men were lost. I was struck by this circumstance as forming a tragic link between Scilly, of whose golf course I wrote the other day, and Barnehurst, the subject of my present article.

An Historical Club-house

The cellars at Barnehurst are worth exploring, containing, as they do, an old Roman Catholic chapel, and a most ingenious priest-hole, telling eloquently of times far removed from ours, when the Roman Catholic religion had to be practised in secret, and when its ministers had to have a convenient hiding-place close at hand in case of necessity. One other curious contrast suggested itself by the use of the old wheel-house as a bicycle shed. Here, in olden days, a pony was attached to the wheel for the purposes of water pumping. The modern wheels resting quietly in this place by the side of the disused water-wheel, suggested quaint reflections on the flight of time, and the uses to which the inventions of one age may be put for the accommodation of those of another. The Barnehurst Golf Club owes its inception, some two years ago, to Mr. Gray, of Silvertown fame, who leased the house and estate, and formed a ladies' golf club. The ladies manage the club and course with the assistance of an advisory committee of our brutal sex, who, however, only come into active existence when called upon by their fair colleagues. The course was primarily laid out for ladies' golf, and for this purpose one of the crack lady golfers was invited to perform over the embryo course, and her average shots were taken as guiding

Photo by *Kirby*

Barnehurst Golf Club: The drive to the front entrance

This club is managed entirely by ladies, though members of both sexes are eligible for membership. The club-house is a fine example of the Tudor style

Photo by *Kirby*

Barnehurst Golf Club: Back view of the club-house

points by those engaged in laying it out. The result is an excellent and testing ladies' course, although, as might be expected, a little on the short side for men. The club is dual in nature all through, as both sexes have the same rights of membership, both as regards use of the club-house and of the links, certain rooms being reserved in the house exclusively for either sex. There are several bedrooms in the club which members can occupy, and one of the advantages of the club is that a golfing husband and wife, who are members, can spend their week-ends in luxurious comfort at Barnehurst and golf to their hearts' content over a course which is admirably calculated to provide the happy mean for play by both sexes. I found the course in excellent order, and thoroughly enjoyed my day's golf there, in spite of a bitter east wind and a keen frost, which made the ground as hard as iron and the greens as slippery as glass. The holes struck me as admirably arranged, the greens being fine and large, and the hazards well placed, with one exception. The exception I refer to is the bunker which lies just beyond the hazard which one has to carry from the eighteenth tee. Here it seems to me that the one hazard is quite sufficient, and that the further bunker should be filled up. It is too far to carry, and is calculated to exasperate the heart of many a golfer who drives a fine shot over the first hazard and finds his ball in the embrace of the next one. So far as I could judge, the experiment of the *entente cordiale* between the sexes at golf has proved a brilliant success at Barnehurst. What a splendid place of trial it must be for any fair lady in the period of courtship for testing the qualities of temper and sociability of her suppliant swain.

Ernest Lehmann

Mrs. Stanley Stubbs driving from the eleventh tee at Barnehurst

BADMINTON

THE CHAMPIONSHIPS OF ALL ENGLAND

Whatever Mr. Arnold-Forster may think of the Volunteers, and of their efficiency as a fighting force, it is abundantly clear that they have done at least one public service to the nation by causing, all over the country, the erection of Drill Halls suitable for the playing of Badminton. The headquarters of the London Rifle Brigade, in Bunhill Row, E.C., where the Badminton Championships of All England were held on the first three days of this month, might almost have been built for that very purpose. Its size is just sufficient to admit of a row of courts side by side along the best-lighted portion of the hall, while the remainder of the floor space provides ample accommodation for spectators—of whom there was a goodly muster on each day—and for that most necessary adjunct of entertainments of this kind—afternoon tea. Of last year's champions all were again competing with the one exception of Miss D. K. Douglass, who won the Mixed Championship in 1904 with H. N. Marrett, but has given the preference this year to lawn tennis on the Riviera. This necessarily involved a change in the destination of at least one Championship; but, as it turned out, it was only a partial one, for H. N. Marrett, finding a fresh, and most efficient, partner in Miss Hogarth, of Cheltenham, was again successful. He also retained his title to the Singles Championship, and although he was beaten in the final of the Men's Doubles (which he won last year with A. D. Prebble), there is no question that, taking his play as a whole, both in Singles and Doubles, he is well ahead of all his rivals. In the Mixed Doubles he played the "front and back" game with Miss Hogarth, and their victory, following upon that of Miss Hogarth and Mr. Thomas at Richmond, when the same tactics were employed, will doubtless cause a revulsion in favour of this method of play, which was rapidly becoming obsolete; but, in order to make it effective, the man must play what practically amounts to a single from the back, and his smashing powers must be undeniable, while his partner in front must be as skilful as Miss Hogarth is at anticipating, and dealing with, the short ones. It is not a game, therefore, which is likely to suit all pairs. How well it was played by the winners may be judged from the fact that they came through without

Photos by

Miss Bateman

Who, partnered by S. M. Massey, won the Mixed Handicap, and gained great applause for her "smash" strokes

Baker and Dixon

Miss Hogarth

Who, partnered by Miss Murray, won the Ladies' Doubles Handicap

THE BADMINTON ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENT

Photos by

Miss M. Lucas

Who defeated Miss Thomson in the final for the Ladies' Singles Championship. Miss Lucas and Miss Thomson, in partnership, carried off the Ladies' Doubles

Baker and Dixon

A. D. Prebble (the hon. secretary) and H. N. Marrett

Who were defeated by Messrs. Massey and Barnes, in the Men's Doubles. Mr. Marrett again won the Men's Singles Championship

THE BADMINTON TOURNAMENT

losing a game, and won the second game in the final against such a strong pair as Mr. Thomas and Miss Thomson with the loss of only two strokes, the latter pair adopting the more orthodox formation. Miss Thomson was hardly at her best, and this accounts for her defeat by Miss Lucas in the Singles, which happened, owing to the nature of the draw, in the second round; but the match was virtually the final, for there is no one quite equal to these two ladies, and the winner of it was practically certain to win the whole thing. The impression conveyed by the encounter was that Miss Thomson was rather the better, and certainly the neater, player, but that it was something of an effort for her to "keep going," and that her opponent, whose style is effective rather than graceful, was thus enabled to win by sheer pertinacity. Miss Lucas has beaten Miss Thomson for the Championship once before—in 1902. As it turned out, Miss M. C. Hardy, who is probably the third best Single player, made a capital fight in the final, and, aided by a little nervousness on the part of Miss Lucas, won the first set; in fact, it was not until well on in the third that Miss Lucas gained the upper hand. In the Ladies' Doubles Championship, Miss Lucas and Miss Thomson again proved invincible as a pair, and won the event without losing more than six points in any one game.

The last event to be finished was the Gentlemen's Doubles Championship. It was decidedly injudicious to leave both the semi-finals and final to the afternoon of the last day, especially as one of the players concerned happened to survive to the final of the Handicap Doubles as well, and this was played off before the final of the major event. The result was that, by the time Messrs. Massey and Barnes went into court against Messrs. Prebble and Marrett, the light had nearly all gone, and, as artificial light is not used at this meeting, much of the play towards the finish was the merest guesswork. But this was the only blot on an otherwise well-managed tournament. Of the four players, Mr. Prebble seemed the most handicapped by the gloom, but it was a fine match, and some of the returns, under the conditions, were quite marvellous. In the end, Messrs. Massey and Barnes, confirming their victory in the Surrey and Middlesex Championships, overcame the holders by two games to one. Neither of the winners competed in the Singles, and their exclusive attention to the Double game has certainly had its reward. They are both tall, and their height, supplemented by great quickness and smashing power, enables them to play nearly everything downwards, and so keep their opponents on the defensive. The Veterans' Doubles Championship (a newly instituted event) was won by Messrs. G. W. Vidal and C. A. Turner. The last-named also won the Open Handicap Doubles, in partnership with Mr. N. Wood, and there is many a younger man who would be glad to possess his skill and activity. This week the scene shifts to Dublin, where the Irish Championships and the International match between England and Ireland are to be held on March 17, 18, and 20.

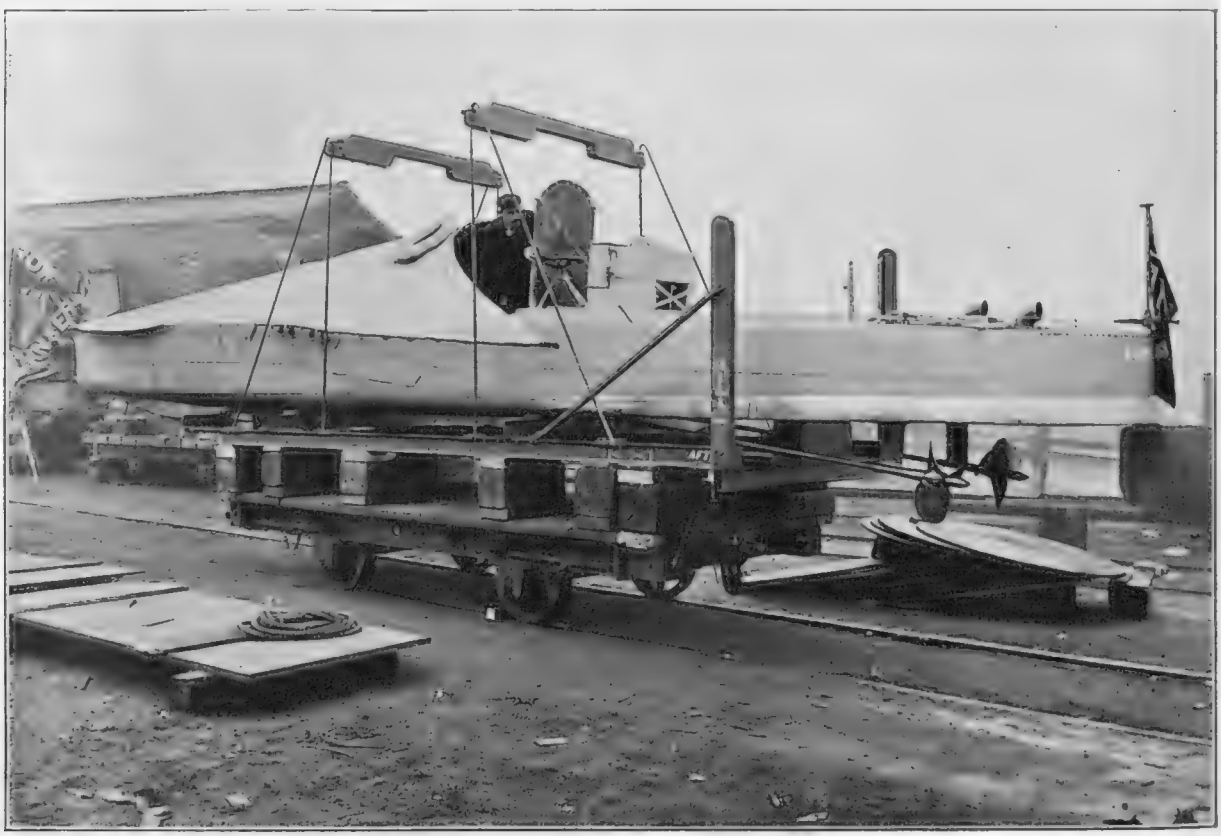
AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Britain's Power-Boat Leads

Napier II., remodelled and altered from last year, came again before the public last Saturday week. This remarkable little vessel was officially timed over the Admiralty measured knot near Greenwich. It blew "half a gale of wind," which is hardly fair for a boat of this class, but as it was not a case of waiting for a favourable opportunity, she was put over her course, and registered, by the clock of Mr. Harry J. Swindley, the senior Official Honorary Timekeeper of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland (which records were confirmed by Mr. Marriner, one of Mr. Yarrow's staff), a mean speed equal to 25·988 knots per hour, which is equivalent to 29·925 miles, or 48·615 kilomètres, this being her mean speed, and not the fastest of her runs. This compares very favourably with the next fastest boat, the American *Challenger*, whose mean speed is given to the American Press as being 25·01 knots, or 28·80 miles per hour, or 46·79 kilomètres. The fastest boat that our friends across the Channel have as yet had recorded was the well-known *Trèfle-à-Quatre*, which has accomplished a speed of 22·7 knots per hour. The Yarrow-Napier launch, of a nominal 60 h.-p., built of special steel and forty feet in length, is, therefore, the fastest launch of any size, propelled by an internal combustion engine, in the world, and is also the fastest boat in the world for her size. It is fitted with twin screws, driven by two sets of four-cylinder Napier marine engines.

Petrol v. Steam

The weight of the engine with fuel is about one-third of what it would have been with ordinary steam machinery of the same power; it is thus possible to carry fuel for a much larger radius of action. There is less area of machinery exposed to danger by shot, and the absence of funnels and of smoke are additional advantages. Motor machinery does not require such skilful attention, and neglect or ignorance on the part of the attendant



The Yarrow-Napier motor launch, the fastest boat for its size in the world

At recent trials near Greenwich this launch attained a mean speed of 25·988 knots per hour. The next fastest boat is the American *Challenger*, whose mean speed is given as 25·01 knots

Photo by] The Yarrow-Napier motor launch travelling at a high speed [*Clarke and Hyde*

would not cause the disastrous results that can be caused with steam. Mr. Yarrow wisely refrains from predicting what may be the speeds of the motor-propelled craft in the future, but he gives some interesting suggestions which cause one to think. He tells us he would not guarantee more than sixteen knots with a boat of this size, fitted with the latest form of steam machinery of an equally reliable character as the internal combustion engine in the present boat; so, it may be taken, that the adoption of the internal combustion engine in place of the steam engine for a vessel of this size really represents an additional speed of ten knots per hour. The speed of a vessel increases rapidly with its size; for example, in what is termed a second-class torpedo boat, sixty feet in length, the best speed that Messrs. Yarrow could obtain would be twenty knots, but for a vessel eighty feet in length, with similar but proportionately larger machinery, a speed of thirty knots would be obtained. Therefore, it appears that by taking this proportion of increase, a 220-feet boat, like the Japanese destroyers, should, when fitted with motor machinery, travel at a speed of forty-five knots. Such craft, in the hands of determined men, will prove formidable foes to even the best battleships.

Grooved Solids

An interesting type of solid tyre which attracted a good deal of attention at Olympia was the De Nevers patent grooved solid tyre. By the simple method of cutting grooves at the correct distance apart in a solid tyre, the makers claim that the rubber on the wearing surface is in its natural condition, that the tyre becomes practically a succession of rubber balls on the rim of the wheel, and that, in consequence, the tyre gives the maximum of resiliency that is to be obtained from rubber without an air-chamber. When the car tends to side-slip, the segments twist under the skidding action, another segment comes into play and the side-slip is checked. In wear, ordinary solid tyres generally elongate and creep, causing them to come out of the rim, but the patentees of the De Nevers state that the grooves in their tyres take up all elongations, and that the creeping action is entirely stopped.

British Cars for British Buyers

The fact that Messrs. Deasy and Company, the sole agents for the well-known mountaineering Martini, are putting on the market a new all-British Deasy car, shows the way the wind is blowing. Messrs. Rolls and Company have given us the Rolls-Royce; Messrs. Hutton and Company a light, low-priced four-cylinder; Messrs. Jarrott and Letts the speedy Crossley; and the new four-cylinder Deasy is a welcome recruit to the all-British brigade. The moving spirits in all the firms that I have mentioned are practical experts. They have handled and driven the best of the world's cars, they know the value of correct, tried design, and our home industry will obtain more from a few men who *really know* than from a hundred faddists, cranks, and experimenters.

Those Nasty, Noisy Motors!

An advertisement of a patent whistle for motor-cars, louder than a railway whistle, and which can be heard half a mile off, has attracted the attention of Mr. Charles Seeley. He intends to ask the President of the Local Government Board whether steps can be taken to prevent its use. We motorists have more friends than we know of, and our progress is watched with kind, almost motherly, care. We have, indeed, much to be thankful for!

The Driver Difficulty

One of the greatest troubles which attend the keeping of a car is the chauffeur. Reliable, competent men are few and far between. There are three ways in which a motorist can solve the difficulty: (1) He can offer a friend's chauffeur higher wages (this is unsatisfactory in many ways). (2) He can train a man himself (this is slow and apt to prove expensive). (3) Or he can go to an agency, such as Lovegroves, Piccadilly—if you go to a reliable agency and take the trouble to make yourself *really* acquainted with the man's past history, silent, easy running should result.

Petrol versus the Camel

Some months ago, Sir Reginald Wingate, the Egyptian Sirdar, announced his intention of importing motor-cars for use in the desert. Sir Reginald, who last year spent the summer months at Dunbar, in Haddingtonshire, carried out a series of experiments on the Belhaven sands, with a view to finding a motor suitable for desert work. Solid tyres, with exceptionally broad treads have been fitted to the Sirdar's cars, and this special form of tyre prevents the car from sinking into the sand. If the Sirdar's sporting lead is extensively followed, the camel trade will get the hump, and the camel-driving union (if there is such a thing) will have to start evening classes to instruct the Arabs in the mysteries of the petrol engine.

Photo supplied by *Advance Agency*

Miss June Larkins, the first lady who has undertaken to instruct her sex in the practical side of motoring, viz., driving and repairing

Miss Larkins has made a thorough study of motoring. She commenced by going through "the shops," at a large factory in Birmingham. Such was her quickness in learning the practical side of motoring, that a month later, accompanied only by a lady companion, she went on a motor tour through Warwickshire and Leicestershire. Miss Larkins now teaches ladies how to drive and repair their own cars

Name the Bishop's Ugly Motor—A Competition

Dr. Yeatman-Biggs, Suffragan Bishop of Southwark, recently received a cheque from the clergy and laity of his diocese. In returning thanks at the presentation he said that, "although motors were *ugly* they were useful, and, in order to keep in touch with his diocese, he intended to buy one with the money." Some motors are certainly not so beautiful as others, but it would be interesting to know the name of the brand the Bishop has his eye on. It suggests a suitable Lenten competition: Guess the name of the Bishop's ugly motor. I offer, therefore, a prize of one guinea to the first person who sends me on a post-card the correct name of the car the Bishop purchases (competitors need not trouble about the horse-power). Please address post-cards to The Bystander, Tallis Street, E.C., and mark them "*Beauty Competition.*"

* * *

One of the features of the Sandown Park Grand Military Meeting was the splendid attendance of motor-cars—five coaches, a few carriages, but nearly sixty cars. Times are, indeed, changing.

* * *

The Motor Show at the Agricultural Hall, despite Olympia, promises to be a success. One of the principal features—most interesting novelties to be shown for the first time—is the new four-cylinder Mors car. It will be shown on Stands 127 and 128; but, really to appreciate the flexibility and silence of the engine, a trial is necessary.

Alfred C. Hunter.

'VARSITY ROWING

CONTRAST BETWEEN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN METHODS OF TRAINING

The Cambridge Eight's last appearance on the Cam before the Boat Race

The Eight seen above is the one which will represent Cambridge in the coming Boat Race. They are now in training at Putney. Owing to the mildness of our winter, outdoor training is possible all through the season

Photo by **Members of the University of Pennsylvania, training indoors** [*Pearce and Jones*

Owing to the rivers being frozen, American 'Varsity men cannot train outdoors in the winter. This, however, does not cause them to relax their efforts, and the most strenuous training is gone in for all through the season, so that no time may be lost in getting to work in the spring Pennsylvania hopes to challenge for the Grand at Henley this year

The Connoisseur.

George Frederick Watts at Burlington House

The collected works by the late Mr. Watts form one of the most interesting "one-man" exhibitions seen in London during the last ten years, and is only rivalled by the memorial Whistler gathering which is now greatly attracting at the New. It is fortunate that the work of these two men may be seen at the same time; for they were, each in his way, the most gifted artists of their time; the most purposeful and sincere. Their objects and methods were antithetical, and their every point of view may be said to be as the Poles apart. And yet a thousand analogies could be found between the two men; one who painted with the moral intent, one to whom all was moral. Watts painted from a young and generous heart for the benefit of the young of heart. In our youth, "Love and Death" was a poetic vision that inspired. The origin of the conception has often been told; in the words of Mrs. Ady, whose excellently illustrated *Life and Work*, published by Virtue and Company, is of especial interest just now, it is given as follows: Mr. Watts was painting the portrait of a friend, then in the prime of life, a young nobleman, richly endowed with the best of the world's gifts, who was dying slowly of consumption. As the artist saw how little the fondest efforts could avail to arrest the progress of disease, a deep sense of the helplessness of Love's struggle with Fate sank into his mind, and many years after found expression in his picture. The arts are, of course, close relations, which perhaps accounts for the somewhat acrid criticisms they pass on each other. The work of Watts was the result of a poetic vision that might have expressed itself in Miltonic verse. It appealed undoubtably to poets in a higher degree than to painters. His beautiful and early "Fata Morgana," the siren of Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato*, for example; this is the very spirit of Rossetti's beautiful lines:—

A blue-eyed phantom far before
  Is laughing, leaping towards the sun:
Like lead I chase it evermore,
  I pant and run.

It breaks the sunlight bound on bound:
  Goes singing, as it leaps along,
To sheep-bells, with a dreamy sound—
  A dreamy song.

I laugh, it is so brisk and gay;
  It is so far before, I weep:
I hope I shall lie down some day,
  Lie down and sleep.

His "Love and Death," with its splendid monumental qualities and tender colouring, has found an echo in many a poet's heart. Not long since, we saw a collection of verses on the subject, among which the following seems most fully to express the spirit of the picture:

O, Love and Death,
Calm, with uplifted hand, the mother, angel, friend,
Advances t'wards Life's portals. See her bend
O'er the young Love, who'd fain the house defend.

Impotent Love cries, burning tears of rage,
But conquering Death, the kindly, certain sage,
Bids Love regard her as his appanage.

Love learns not, but, with tender strength, opposes
The passage of the Stranger o'er the roses;
Still Death moves on, and, as she wills, disposes.

O, Love and Death,
Be reconciled, each guarding well the other.
O, Love and Death, strong sister, tenderest brother.

And so with almost all the symbolic pictures, the philosophy of the poet is decoratively expressed. The portraits, too, are largely idealistic; few who knew Browning well by sight know him in Watts' portraits; but those who knew his spirit and his heart recognise him at once. In short, Watts painted spiritually, and must be approached from the mysterious and spiritual side.

E. M.

"Paolo and Francesca"

From the picture by George Frederick Watts now on view at Burlington House

MATTERS MUSICAL

The Vindication of English Music

A certain section of the public never tires of praising works of foreign, and more especially Teutonic, origin, but patriotic Englishmen might, I think, be pardoned some small expressions of enthusiasm when considering the last concert of the London Symphony Orchestra. How many years is it, one wonders, since it was found possible to draw up a programme of such merit and interest from the works of one man, and that man an Englishman? That the composer directed the performance was in itself a point of interest, and if further attractions were needed, they were supplied in the promise of two new works by Dr. Elgar. The first of these was the third of the series of marches to which the composer has given the generic title of "Pomp and Circumstance." It is full of buoyancy and good spirits, and makes considerable demand on the brass section of the orchestra.

An Elgar Masterpiece

The Introduction and Allegro for Strings, also heard for the first time, is one of the most musicianly of the writer's works. Many charming effects are due to the employment of a quartet which is balanced against the rest of the orchestra with great nicety, and a vigorous fugue holds a prominent place in the development. Though hardly so ambitious a work as the "Symphonia Domestica," it is a great deal more effective, and I could not help contrasting the methods of the two composers. Elgar's music impresses one as being eminently sane and well conceived, while Strauss's is markedly neurotic, and not to be compared with it from the rational point of view. The time test is what ultimately decides the value of a work, and it would be interesting to know what respective positions these two composers will hold, say, fifty years hence.

Coincidence?

I was intrepid enough to hint on this page last week that Dr. Strauss, in the Domestic Symphony, is intentionally having a joke at the expense of his audience. Can it be that it is with malice aforethought that he himself is coming over on April 1 to conduct a performance of his great work?

Photo by *Connell*

Miss Fanny Davies

Who is acknowledged to be the most finished English pianist of to-day

Miss Fanny Davies

Were it possible for Miss Fanny Davies to fall short of the high artistic level which she has reached, he would be a courageous and a hard-hearted critic who would dare to say unkind things of her playing, so absolutely graceful is her action at the pianoforte, and so perfect her technique. Luckily for me, she maintains her brilliancy and finish, so that no one can help being fascinated with the cleverness and insight of her playing. Miss Davies can claim to be a true Briton, for though she was born in Guernsey, her parents were English. Annals record that her first public appearance took place at the tender age of six and a half years. After this, she retired in order to prosecute her studies under various eminent professors, and finished with a two years' course under Madame Schumann. On her reappearance, her success was assured, and she has been very popular both on the Continent and in England ever since.

The Conducting of M. Colonne

M. Edouard Colonne represents the genial element in the group of eminent conductors under whose marshalling the London Symphony Orchestra has marched from success to success. I was trying to think of some phrase to express his peculiarly characteristic motion of the arms, when my companion suggested that, in the dumb charades of our youth, it would have stood for the action of the shoemaker plying his twine through the sole of a boot. This, I think, is sufficiently near to meet the case; at any rate, it describes the sharp and precise movements which give his conducting much of its power. It is pleasing to see him, between the items, dismount from his platform, and chat with the players with the utmost good humour, and one would not be sorry to see a little more sympathy of this nature between English directors and their bands. M. Colonne has a curious habit of hissing when he desires the orchestra to play softly, and the other night this was audible all over Queen's Hall. This is a little disturbing.

H. F.

Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Held up the other day by a stream of people at one of the Victoria Station paper-stalls, all intent on the same errand as myself, namely, to catch the eye of the stolid, silent purveyor at the earliest possible moment, my patience was rewarded by observing the rapidity with which a pile of BYSTANDERS vanished away — verily like snow before the sun. Noting, also, the ease with which parcel-laden paterfamilias tucked away our little paper, I, for the first time, seriously realised the value of the size, although, for the adequate display of my fashions, I am frequently a little disturbed as to the curtailed space. However, one must take philosophically the rough with the smooth, and, all things considered, we seem to be coming off uncommonly well so far as the esteem of the public is concerned.

A Change for the Better

And *apropos* of stations and travelling, how immeasurably removed is the travelling woman of to-day from her sister of yesterday. The beginning of Lent, by the way, is rather an *apropos* moment to take note of a moving population, Ambrosine and I having found occasion more than once of discussing this particular modistic situation.

The revival of the close-fitting back has given a great impetus to the useful knockabout wrap, and nothing is selling better at the moment than the rough frieze travelling coat. Checks are being steadily pushed to the fore, also, in smart, rather sporting, tan mixtures, one astonishing model boasting a cape, that by the manipulation of a single button and loop, could be converted into sleeves.

Then a capital suggestion for a travelling wrap is offered on page 596, a design of Messrs. Lovegroves, Piccadilly, for a useful dust-resisting, grey, *souple* cloth, to which a welcome colour relief is afforded by a lining to the hood of royal blue or emerald green silk, which would, of course, be accentuated in the comfortable service cap.

Ambrosine says grey and tan would be her choice, and she would use tan suède buttons, but then Ambrosine chances to be one of those well-conditioned souls, in the matter of complexion, who can support with perfect aplomb unrelieved neutral tints. She and her kind, however, are few and far between.

The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring

Nature will have to look to her laurels, for art is running her a close race in horticultural matters. In fact, so far as colour is concerned, the latter is decidedly more versatile; her strange, unorthodox pastel tints, her dead roses, her weird-coloured lilac transparent leaves, etc., all fighting for a place with primulas, auriculas, Malmaison orchids, wistaria, lilies, and violets, that are nature's own product. While over all there prevails a predominant note pertaining to the Pompadour period. A favourite wreath of realistic colouring comprises half-blown lilies of the valley and little clusters of deep Russian violets, alternating with shaded pink button roses. This wreath, running round the top of a low crown of crin, or a shape of Pompadour silk and leghorn, is ideally pretty, and offers a direct contrast to a fantasy wherein pale blue plays an important part, set to an acute angle over the face on a *cache-peigne* of dead roses.

As we predicted, the violet toque is altogether relegated to the realms of the *démodé*, but, frankly speaking, although certain of the shops are running the all-floral toque, and, it must be admitted, meeting with some success in the case of hyacinths and rose foliage with a scattering of flowers, we are not ourselves seriously enamoured of the vogue this season. The choice in straw, crin, and tagal shapes, is altogether too enticing to be ignored, and we would specially commend a certain little chip *tricorne*, in varying shades of nutmeg-brown, that merely asks the addition of a Louis Seize wreath of assorted roses, looped round one side, to declare itself a complete *chef d'œuvre*.

Nor will these exquisitely manufactured flowers serve only the end of millinery, the perfect realism pointing clearly to the favourite bunching craze, that invariably creeps into favour with the warm days. Of course, given the ready wherewithal, everyone for choice would wear nature's own perishable productions, but failing that extravagant indulgence, it will take a searching eye to discover the counterfeit presentment of the orchid bloom, together with some rich red geranium, the afore-mentioned Malmaison roses of course, and clusters of those half-blown lilies of the valley.

A Settled Matter

We have been considerably exercised, and we are sure many others have been similarly perplexed, by the consideration of what will replace our fur boas for spring wear. That we shall suddenly fall into unadorned simplicity is too much to expect, but we find,

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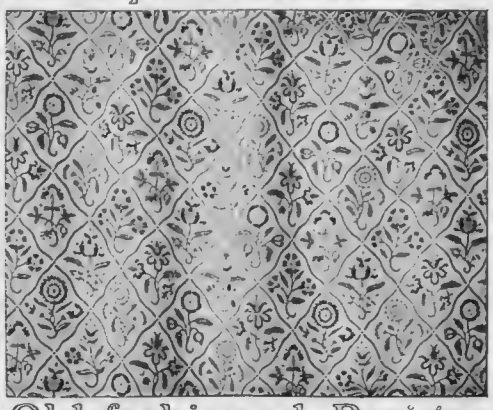

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awaiting approval to meet this exigency, a long, round boa of feathers or chiffon, one considerably smaller in circumference than those we have recently been exploiting, but otherwise of similar *genre*. We met this fancy at a Great Dover Street *atelier*, expressed in two shades of chiffon, hundreds and hundreds of yards of tiny ruching accentuating the fussiness. In shades of biscuit, this little boa was lovely, and so adaptable, while in violet and rose pink, special gowns were indicated.

Which reminds me to say how the coloured ostrich boa, not the old flat stole, you understand, which is no longer possible with the high sleeve—the fates be

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Photo by *Speaight*

Lady Newton in the lovely dress in which she recently attended their Majesties' Court

thanked, for the ubiquity of the one shoulder up and the other shoulder down has grown too irritating for words—but a small, round boa of great length, dyed to all the prevailing tones, has the promise of a success. But, in any case, the flat stole is doomed.

A Lovely Paquin Court Dress

The Paquin dress, shown in the above illustration, was worn by Lady Newton at the Court held by their Majesties on February 24 last. The dress was in mauve, the full skirt, of soft Oriental satin, opening over a petticoat of white mousseline de soie, ruched with lace, the draped bodice of satin, trimmed with Brussels lace. The train was of mauve mousseline de soie, gauged and trimmed with bouquets of Parma violets and pink roses, tied with pale blue taffetas; also drapery of the same beautiful Brussels lace as on the bodice. The ornaments were pearls and diamonds, while the bouquet was made up of Parma violets and pink roses.

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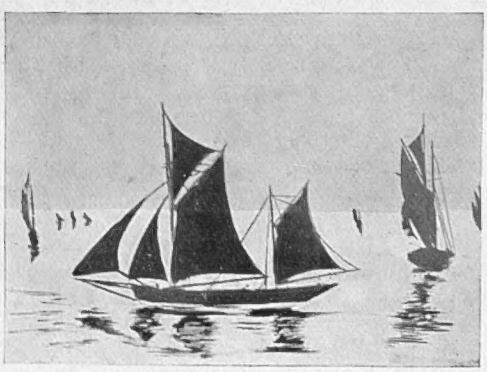

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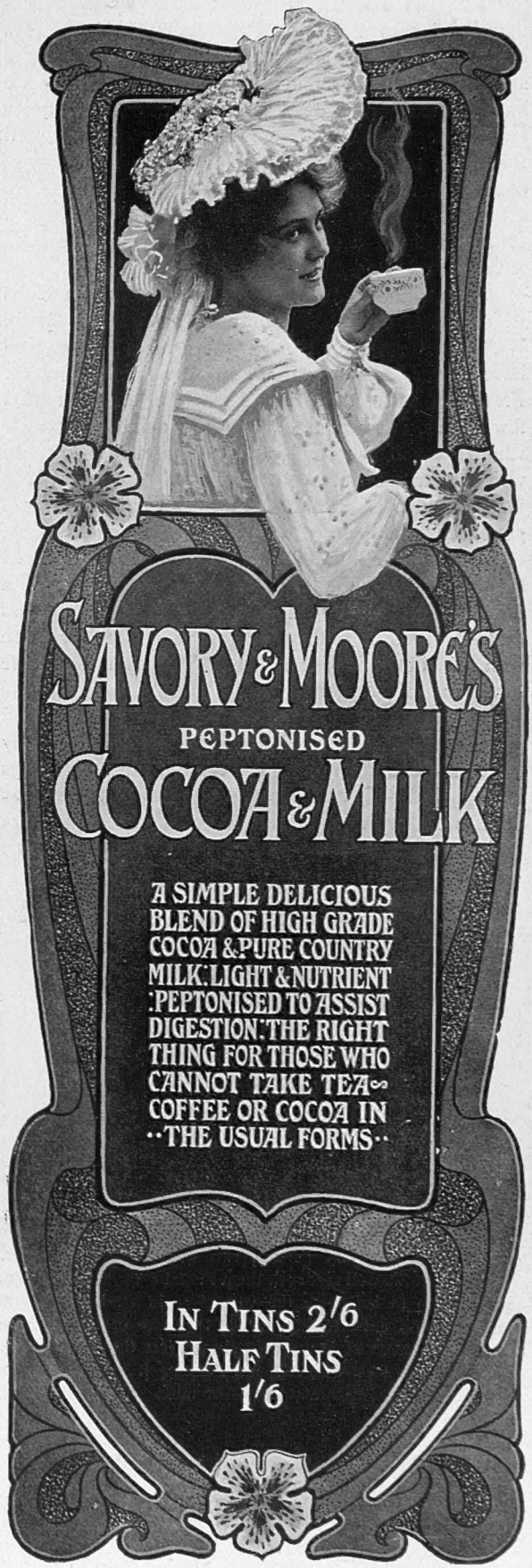

A Woman's Pocket Book

"Are the English people at last growing unromantic?" asks a writer. It is an enquiry which is capable of arousing a good deal of controversy; the answer varying, not only in regard to the ideas we have formed of our countrymen, but also according to our conception of the real meaning of the word romance; for I do not think it is so much a question of *losing* our romance as of whether, as a nation, we ever really possessed this quality in a marked degree. It is usual to associate the trait with a certain amount of impetuosity and extravagance, lack of reserve, and frank warmheartedness, qualities which are exhibited continually by the Irish, Welsh, and some of the Southern races; but which have never been regarded as essentially British. From this point of view we may be the losers in a few details, but we are surely the gainers upon the whole; for if the foreigner feels more quickly and vividly than our own people, English sentiment lasts longer, and is steadier, and consequently more generally useful in the midst of every-day affairs. If the excitable Southerner is ready to draw his sword for the honour of a friend or the vindication of a cause, the matter-of-fact Englishman, though less easily aroused, is willing to serve his friend or cause with a deliberate, but none the less, genuine devotion.

If, however, the word romance is used to signify the sentiments for which, as a nation, we have always been famed—if, in a word, we mean sentiment, as contrasted with cynicism or indifference—we are undoubtedly *not* losing what is one of our principle characteristics. The Englishman has a healthy sentiment that he considers none the worse for admitting the claims of common-sense and the absence of hysteria. The cynical and the *blasé* abound, it is true, but this need not disturb us; for while it is possible to guess what is in his heart, from the agitated foreigner's expressions, we must never condemn our own countryman through his words—he is a bad self-interpreter—but look to his deeds.

Has it occurred to most of us, I wonder, to reflect upon what a hard-working people we are. The amount of work done in this country, not only by those who must labour of necessity, but by the leisured classes in their self-imposed tasks, is as remarkable as it is creditable. A generous Frenchman, who is much impressed by English virtues, has designated us as "the most useful people in the world," and certainly, if all we do is as serviceable as it is laborious, we richly deserve the title. This is very good so far as it goes—but it goes too far; for it oversteps its own boundaries, and our work runs into our play. An Englishman—and still more an English *woman* — is frequently a sort of toiling machine; and this applies equally to efforts in the direction of pleasure, for we make even our pastimes into drudgery. The easy-going Italian peasant suffers to an inconvenient extent from quite opposite qualities, but he has learnt one secret of which we would fain possess the key: his leisure is as cloudless as his own skies, for he knows how to be deliciously idle.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: A LENTEN DINNER

Lentil Soup.
Fillets of Cod with Parsnip Purée.
Curried Eggs.
Haricot Bean Omelette.
Rhubarb Fool.
Biscuit Custard.
Seakale Salad.

LENTIL SOUP

Two pints whole lentils, two onions, two carrots, three leaves celery, herbs, salt and pepper, two quarts stock or water. Wash the lentils well and soak them in water for twelve hours; put them on to boil with the vegetables in weak stock, add seasoning, boil until tender; it will take two or three hours; remove the bunch of herbs and pulp the rest through a sieve. Return to the stew-pan, boil up, keeping it well stirred; if too thick add a little more stock or milk. Serve with fried bread.

FILLETS OF COD WITH PARSNIP PURÉE

Cut three or four slices of fresh cod into pieces an inch thick, sprinkle over with lemon juice, pepper and salt, roll round and tie each into shape. Butter a baking tin, place the fish in it, cover with well-buttered paper and bake in a moderate oven from twenty-five to thirty minutes, baste with the liqour in the tin and turn the fillets once while baking. When cooked, untie the cod slices, but keep them in shape. Arrange round a hot dish, filling the centre with parsnip purée, which has been made as follows: Boil the parsnips until soft, rub them through a sieve, and mix them quite smoothly with a little white pepper, salt, milk, or cream.

CURRIED EGGS

Six hard-boiled eggs, cut in slices. Cut up two small onions, fry them a light golden colour with 2 oz. of butter, add one tablespoonful of curry powder and a dessertspoonful of flour. Moisten with a teacupful of stock. Simmer gently a quarter of an hour. Strain through a sieve, return to the stewpan, stir in the slices of eggs, and simmer a few minutes. Serve on a hot dish with a border of rich.

HARICOT BEAN OMELETTE

Half a pint of haricot beans, two tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, four eggs, a little chopped parsley, and half a cupful of milk. Soak the beans several hours in cold water. Boil and mash them with milk, and rub them through a sieve, add the other ingredients, pour the omelette into a buttered dish, and bake it for an hour in a moderately hot oven, and serve with thick brown gravy.

SEAKALE SALAD

Pour into a deep pie-dish some cream and a little tarragon vinegar; cut the seakale into pieces, and place them in the cream twelve hours before using; have some endive and lettuce prepared for salad, which place in a bowl with the seakale and cream on the top. A little cut beetroot may decorate it. This makes a delicious spring salad.

EMILIA.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Aspinall's and Decorative Art

Apart from all the high-strained craving after periods and the like, decorative art, as applied to houses, was never in a more advanced and delightful condition than at present. We have, I firmly believe, successfully lived through the Japanese fan and frail bamboo craze having been successfully cast into the limbo of things best forgotten, people are realising at last the value of the frame afforded by self-coloured walls, enamel dados, furniture that is not only satisfactory to the æsthetic eye, but also fashioned to afford the utmost ease, with everywhere an insistent note of brightness.

To the smaller London house, or, in fact, any house in a town, this last is most essential, the dull, nondescript, greenery yallery, glazed paper giving way before bold scroll effects in a strong colour on a white ground, or, what is even prettier, a real chintz paper, accompanied by as much white, or, preferably, what is known as a flat tint, as can conveniently be worked in.

It is impossible to say how much we owe to this latter-day fancy for light paint, and the plea of extravagance is now quite done away with, thanks to the Aspinall firm, whose latest production, Sanalene, represents a white enamel that runs through the usual gamut of broken white, ivory, and flat, is of exceptional purity, and can be washed and polished with impunity. That Sanalene must effectually do away with the old-time slower process of sizing, painting, and varnishing—three distinct and laborious efforts—is a fact about which no shadow of doubt lingers, since architects and surveyors are including it in their specifications.

The most gratifying results, moreover, have been obtained as to its durable qualities, for it neither chips, cracks, nor peels off. It is non-poisonous, and guaranteed free of that deadly white lead, which, together with arsenic, has been responsible for more ills than half the world wots of.

So to the four winds with your depressing sombre colours; let it be white enamel, or rather Sanalene, all the way, working up to that with bright, artistic colours.

The sun streaming through the room reminds one of the many defective points in the domestic environment. The wicker chairs, small pieces of stained furniture, and most especially the ebony surround, all plead in a heap for a speedy renovation at the hands of Messrs Aspinall. Those famous tins and tinlets supplied by the firm for these, so to say, incidental matters, serve such ends with economy allied to invariable satisfaction. Happily we have progressed out of the days when to scrub to the wood constituted the summit of housewifely ambition, and now it is impossible to find a single shadow of excuse for any houshold in a battered condition, as regards its paint, with Aspinall's Enamel so cheap to buy, so easy to use, in fact, so replete with real commonsense service.

The Ardath Tobacco Company's New Premises

The Ardath Tobacco Company have again, after four short years, been compelled to seek larger quarters in the handsome premises formerly occupied by the United Kingdom Tea Company, at the corner of Worship Street and Paul Street, Finsbury. Surely and rapidly, the Ardath have been developing their resources and extending their connections, until they now have, and have possessed for some time past, by far the largest high-class cigarette business in the trade. The keynote of the firm's success—entirely apart from personality and individual ability—is undoubtedly to be found in the exclusive concentration of its attention upon high-class manufactures.

An Hygienic Tobacco Factory

The new premises of the Ardath Tobacco Co., where the greatest purity of manufacture is attained

Alterations at Prince's Restaurant

In spite of the extensive alterations now taking place at Prince's Restaurant, the "Grand Salon" has been well filled for luncheons and dinners. Last week, the Mayors and ex-Mayors held their annual banquet, and the League of Mercy held a Buck Ball on Friday in aid of their funds, at which many distinguished persons were present. The Grill Room is unaffected by the addition of the Grand Palm Lounge, and its numerous patrons can be assured of the best attention.

Close of the German Season

On Monday, March 20, a special benefit performance will be given to Messrs. Hans Andresen and Max Behrend at the Royalty Theatre, Dean Street, on which occasion they will sustain the principal parts in *Zwei Wappen*, a farcical comedy by Blumenthal and Kadelburg. This will be followed by *Abu Said*, a one-act play, in which Mr. Max Behrend will make his last appearance in London as a Director of the German Company, having been appointed Director of the Municipal Theatre in Mayence. This occasion will mark his farewell to the London public, and both the German and English supporters of the German Theatre will, no doubt, assemble in force to bid him a hearty good-bye.

"The Walls of Jericho" on Tour

Mr. Arthur Bourchier's Company, with the brilliant Garrick Theatre success, *The Walls of Jericho*, started its provincial tour on Monday, under the direction of Messrs. Silvanus Dauncey and M. V. Leveaux. Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh will, of course, pay a personal visit to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham and Dublin, later on, with their own Company.